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A PRETTY ACTRESS MURDERED AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.

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Price 10 Cents.



DANCERS LOSE THEIR CLOTHES.

SOME SCANTILY CLAD GIRLS WALKED HOME IN COSTUME BY DAYLIGHT, AT WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.  
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### A TROTTING REVIVAL.

Trotting horsemen throughout the State are greatly encouraged by the stand which the Driving Club of New York has taken in regard to racing during the coming season. Instead of waiting, Micawber like, for possible developments at Albany and timidly holding back its programme until legislative action of some kind is taken, the Executive Committee of the club have made themselves responsible for over \$20,000 in stakes, and further announce their intention to offer another \$20,000 in ordinary class purses.

Added to this, which affects only the Grand Circuit meeting late in the summer, the secretaries of several Eastern trotting associations have been communicated with, in order to get them in line for a strong Spring circuit. Most of them are heartily in accord with the New York committee, and, amendment or no amendment, will do all in their power to keep the trotting horse interest alive in New York.

If two successful trotting meetings without pool selling or bookmaking can be given in New York city, there is not a driving association in the State that has anything to fear from the effect of the Constitutional amendment. In thus announcing a spirited programme for the coming season, with a calm and confident appreciation of the fact that public betting may have to be dispensed with, the New York Driving Club has deliberately expressed its conviction that its stakes and open events will be just as attractive to owners and breeders of harness racers, and its races just as productive of honest, spirited contests, without betting as with the most facile system of speculation yet invented.

While the Executive Committee of the Driving Club recognize the fact that the payments for the betting privilege at their meetings always made a very appreciable proportion of the receipts, they just as fully recognize another fact, to wit, that the numbers of the betting men do not constitute more than about twenty per cent. at any ordinary trotting race.

As against the usual inquiry of the race track when the number of the winner is hoisted, "What were the odds?" seventy-five per cent. of the spectators at a trot, when a heat or race is won, ask "How is he bred?" It is the purpose of the present management of the Driving Club to make harness racing in this city more distinctively a recreation and a summer sport than it has ever been in the history of the club.

## MASKS AND FACES.

The Actor Forced Out of a  
Favorite Haunt.

### A PUZZLED PRIMA DONNA.

Like the Heroine of Albert Chevallier's  
Song, "She Dunno Where She Are."

### TITTLE TATTLE OF THE STAGE WORLD

The actor—in a plural sense—feels very much hurt. He is disturbed, indignant, and put out of the Sturtevant House. Since Union Square ceased to be the Rialto, the actor—in a plural sense—has been extremely uptown. He used to swarm at the Coleman, and make himself generally at home there. The lobby of the Coleman is somewhat dark and gloomy, and the actor, who loves light and cheerful atmosphere—especially when it costs nothing—gradually abandoned the Coleman.

For at least eighteen months he has made his nest at the Sturtevant. There he went each morning; there—like the gentleman in Gray's "elegy"—his listless length at noontide he would stretch and gaze upon the crowd that hobbled by. He did no harm. He simply sat in the most comfortable seat, and monopolized the cosiest corner of the corridor. Many a manager bearded he there; many a scheme discussed he by the friendly bookstand; many a company of the "hardly able" has been organized in this winsome hostelry. And now it is all changed. The proprietor

Theatre, when John Braham, the orchestra leader, looked up from his score one night, perceived the slender, golden-haired, beautiful creature, fell in love with her at first sight and married her immediately. She was then perfect only in physical charm, and her first husband at once undertook the task of educating her head into equal symmetry.

How well he succeeded is known. Miss Russell is not only an indefatigable student, but an apt pupil. She learned all that husband number one could teach her. Then she took husband number two, and graduated into a higher class.

During the Braham period Lillian Russell advanced in salary from \$15 a week to \$150 a week, from the wings of Pastor's theatre to the center of the Casino stage. Once more the orchestra leader looked over the tip of his baton and fell in love with her.

This time it was Edward Solomon. The little Englishman was conductor at the Casino. He was small in size and by no means celebrated for beauty. Examined casually as he used to bob up and down nervously in the conductor's chair, Mr. Solomon was not an imposing personage. His stature was more than common short, and he was round and ruddy, and although in legal documents Edward, he was "Teddy" to all the world. In spite of his insignificant appearance, Solomon was a man of good parts. He had a cunning knowledge of music, which was inherited from his father, a singer and composer of renown in England. He was an artist to his little finger tips, and he was

this fact his young wife was a proud and happy woman. She sat in connubial bliss watching the small round body of Mr. Solomon on the piano stool composing music all the livelong day. She loved him and he loved her, and from this felicitous union came a child which is now the joy of her mother's heart.

Yet the guardian angel that takes care of the Braham Lares and Penates could not let any infringement of their rights escape unpunished. There was a rattling of dry bones one night in a closet of the Russell-Solomon household, and before the diva could call for the police Nemesis stepped out and strangled the happiness of the devoted couple. This grim and implacable monster sat down at the festal board and declared rudely that it had been better for Mr. Solomon if he had got off with the old love before he got on with the new.

Upon Miss Russell's indignant inquiry concerning the cause of this unwelcome intrusion, Nemesis produced a marriage certificate which claimed Edward Solomon as the true and only husband of Jane Isaacs, late spinster of London, now known on the music hall stage under the more euphonious name of Lilly Grey. Whereupon the diva looked terribly at her husband. Mr. Solomon tried to be gay, but Nemesis had a collar and elbow wrestle with him and the truth came out. Now, if there is anything in life for which Lillian Russell has absolute abhorrence it is masculine infidelity. She would not listen to her husband's specious explanations, but immediately took the part of Nemesis and decided with the sternness of Mrs. Kendal or the Mother of the Gracchi that Solomon must go.

In spite of her affection for the father of her child, Miss Russell, animated by virtue and esteem for the honor of matrimony, eschewed the deceiving musician and returned him to his loving and legal wife, Lilly Grey, nee Isaacs. His connubial duplicity thus discovered, Mr. Solomon went back to London and his lady and wrote comic operas until he died. Lillian Russell grieved for him seven years, after which she took unto herself Perugini. The outcome of that misadventure is newly in our memory. At present Lillian Russell is the widow of three men of musical genius, yet she can wear weeds for only one. How vague and perplexing is the fortune of a diva who has made many voyages into the sea of matrimony without reaching port. In this matter Miss Russell is a feminine Flying Dutchman. She "dunno where she are." In her tour of the West at present she spends hours over the problem whether she is the Second Mrs. Solomon, the First Mrs. Braham or the original and only genuine Mrs. Perugini.

Pity the perplexity of a puzzled prima donna! Pauline Markham only realized about \$700 as the result of her benefit at the Garden Theatre. If one out of every ten of Miss Markham's former admirers had bought a ticket for that performance she would have been insured against want for a very long time to come. All through the seventies and even during the eighties, Miss Markham's symmetrical legs were one of the most conspicuous features of the burlesque stage. Then for a time the

legs went into an eclipse—were hidden under a cloud or rather a skirt. Tights had grown monotonous to Miss Markham; she was assailed with artistic aspirations. She went a-starring in legitimate plays, and she succeeded very well indeed. Three years ago she discarded her draperies once more and appeared in burlesque until that opprobrious coal hole in Louisville, into which Miss Markham slipped her left leg by accident, deprived her of its use. The leg was broken at the ankle, and the doctors declared that Miss Markham could never wear tights again.

Benj. F. Barnett, of the Sporting Staff of the New York Sun, has written a clever and catchy song, called "She's All the World to Me." Lottie Gilson, Lydia Barry, John W. Myers, and Julius O. Witmark are singing it with much success. William F. Morris is the composer.

### SYLVIA THORNE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sylvia Thorne is one of the prettiest blondes on the stage. For years she was a great attraction at the Casino, and it broke a good many hearts and shattered a good many hopes when we heard of her marriage to Ben Tuthill. She has recently been with "The Passing Show" and is now singing prima donna roles. Miss Thorne has always been noted as Lillian Russell's double. She is a clever singer and an undoubtedly handsome woman.

### A VOTE OF THANKS.

287 WASHINGTON AVE.,  
NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 13, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure at this time to thank you in the name of the Newsdealers Association of Newark, N. J., for the assistance you rendered one of our members. We tender you our unanimous vote of thanks and hope that the same friendly feeling will always continue to exist between publisher and dealer. Respectfully,

WILLARD H. BRETT, Secretary.

### A Straight Tip!

THE POLICE GAZETTE mailed to your address 12 weeks for \$1.00. If you want to see a sample copy before subscribing a copy will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents—our rent issues 16 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



ON THE RIALTO.

no less ingenious in composing comic operas than in teaching people how to sing them. To these matters Miss Russell listened with an attentive ear. She saw great possibilities in Solomon and Solomon discovered equally promising elements in her. He was the author of "Billie Taylor," an opera which earned much applause in England and had similar success in America. In 1882 Manager Barton engaged him to come to this country to produce his new opera, "The Vicar of Bray." The piece was not a success, but Mr. Solomon plucked the flower safely out of the nettle danger by carrying off Lillian Russell.

One morning the diva suddenly sailed for Europe, leaving the Casino in darkness. While the manager was tearing his hair and imagining vain things and trying to do the best he could in the circumstances, it was discovered that the orchestra leader was gone also. Miss Russell and Mr. Solomon had sailed on the same vessel. Here we must draw a veil over the woe at the Casino, the sorrow of the deserted husband and the honeymoon of the young elopers, who, in spite of seasickness, loved each other very tenderly.

Under Mr. Solomon's guidance Miss Russell developed into a great artist. The little composer was a thorough musician and he devoted his entire energies to Lillian Russell's training in the profession of which she is now the universally recognized head. Solomon wrote a new opera for her as a tribute of his affection. It was produced in London, and, although the critics did not applaud the music, they expressed high praise for the beautiful young woman who sang it. While these fine things were transpiring in London, however, the aggrieved husband was nursing his wrath to keep it warm in America.

John Braham was not a man to be trifled with. He promptly secured a divorce from his fickle lady and went on his way rejoicing into another and more prosperous experience of matrimony. Thus left free to pursue her natural inclinations toward rectitude, Miss Russell immediately carried her little musician back to America, went to the Gretna Green of Hoboken and became solemnly and legally the wife of Edward Solomon. The marriage was a happy one. Lillian did not look at her husband's small stature; she looked at his soul. He had the soul of a six-footer, and in her knowledge of

has just put up signs declaring that "This corridor is exclusively for guests." "These seats are reserved for the patrons of the hotel."

A group of actors ardently discussing ways and means was coldly invited to resume the ardent discussion outside. The actor is furious. Said one of them. "The proprietor is an ungrateful fellow. He made his money out of us. Who was it bought his beer and patronized his saloon but the actor? Who helped him to swell his bank account but the son of dramatic toil? He has gone back on us—and we can do without him."

This was the general feeling on that chilly day. The Rialto will probably creep further uptown to the centre of things, which is now Forty-second street.

Pity the perplexity of a puzzled prima donna!

Lillian Russell owes much of her success in life to the men she married. The second husband, who died recently in London, was of the greatest assistance to her art. It is a remarkable fact about the golden diva that she can absorb all that is beneficial in the influence of a husband, and when his usefulness is ended she has no difficulty in getting rid of him. Aided by fortune and an independent disposition, she can squeeze the orange of matrimony until it is dry, after which she is no longer bothered by the pulp and rind.

This vivacious and lovely lady was receiving \$15 a week, and possibly worth no greater salary, at Pastor's

### Money No Object!

When the POLICE GAZETTE starts to do anything, that thing is done right up to the hilt. Four Free Supplements this year. All Richly Colored Lithographs, worth framing. The first will be issued March 14th, with POLICE GAZETTE No. 916. Sold at all newsdealers for 10 cents, or mailed to your address 12 weeks for \$1.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

### Novel Experience With a Painter of the Nude.

### ONE DAY SPENT IN A STUDIO

### Sensational and Racy Depositions that Place a Wife in a Bad Light.

### HER LETTERS PROVE ENTERTAINING.

"Why is it that a model who will pose for the nude will not disrobe and dress in the presence of the artist?"

"Women may offer themselves, as the eternal Trilby, for the foot. To unlace the shoe and strip the stocking they turn their backs or ask for seclusion. For the arms and bust they demand a chamber or a curtain, while for the figure, well—

"I never saw the girl who would not seek a *portiere* or a closed door to prepare," says Napoleon Sarony. "And all genuine artists respect their modesty, and would not have it otherwise," he added.

"Why?"

"My judgment is that a woman instinctively feels the force of Macaulay's remark, that 'suggestion is stronger than exposure.'"

With this gospel in mind I paid a visit to the ateliers of several of those New York artists who work at figure painting. Almost all the artists maintain dressing rooms adjoining their studios, but some of the younger and smaller fry do not.

An afternoon with Horace Valtz, at the top of the old studio building at Tenth avenue and Broadway, afforded a characteristic example of the ways and means of the sub-world of art. It is no violation of his confidence that Valtz paints for clubs and cafes those studies in the nude which so many of them affect. His pictures are scattered from one end of the country to the other, disseminated by a company engaged in that business.

"Spend an hour and I will give you prey for your pen," he said. "But you must dissemble," he added, racing about the place and catching up an old velvet jacket, which he flung at the reporter.

"Put that on. You are my French friend, M'sieur Crapaud, just from the Paris 'Konsalvatar.' *Suez?*" He rushed on, smudging my face and fingers with caked paint and slipping a brush behind his ear.

"Look critical; ignore, condemn, despise her for she's shy. She's an amateur—of good connections, I take it. She came to me a week ago, blushing like the dawn, and asked to pose. She does not want anything for it. She is enamored of her figure. I wouldn't take her for the full figure, but am setting her up for a copy of Grantin's 'Appel.' I only use the torso."

He set upon the easel a charcoal sketch of the familiar print, a woman with uplifted arms and head thrown back.

"I do this," said he, earnestly, "to discourage her. The attitude is about the most taxing one can think of and complete exposure is not involved. Her color helps me. She is baby-pink—as fresh and dewy as a primrose. You shall see. She is due at 2 o'clock. It lacks that by 15 minutes."

"Where does she prepare her special toilet?" I asked.

"Why, here," replied Valtz, drawing aside a heavy *portiere* that hung across a corner of the room.

Within the scanty triangular space disclosed was a chair, a peg row, from which hung woolen tights, robes and blankets. There was also a tiny mirror above a drawer containing comb and brush and powder box.

Promptly, as the Grace Church chimed pealed two, a light knock sounded upon the door.

"Come in," shouted the artist.

The door swung gently open, and a young woman appeared. Obedient to instruction, I clasped one knee and gazed upon her as coldly as I could manufacture the expression.

The girl was about seventeen, dressed in a plumed hat, feather-trimmed velvet cloak, and full length skirt of expensive material. She was short, yet not petite; heavy, but not gross; rather athletically built, and her face, while not beautiful, was fresh and full of buoyant expression.

"Come right in," cried Valtz, "I have been expecting you. This is my French friend, M. Crapaud. Unfortunately, he cannot speak English."

The reporter discreetly confined his acknowledgments to a solemn bow and resumed his seat.

After a brief conversation bearing upon the progress of the sketch, Valtz said: "Now for a little paint today."

Banishing the misgivings which she had evidently nurtured, she passed behind the curtain. After ten minutes a soft voice came from behind the curtain, "I am ready."

She issued forth, wrapped in a crash bath robe and a sheet, which trailed behind her, and suffered the artist to lead her to the throne, which he had moved into the best light. With one last anxious glance at the reporter, she slowly drew back the bath robe and let it fall. She was uncovered to the waist, and a ravishing picture she made. There was all the glow, all the bend and curves to throat and shoulders, arms and torso that are the glories of virginal youth.

For more than an hour she maintained the painful pose of the sitting. She was then given ten minutes' rest, and, wrapping herself in her robe, sat and accepted a glass of water. The artist and I drank better, but she declined the stimulating cup. Idle chatter filled the resting spell, the reporter keeping gloomily out of it.

In another half hour, through which she unflinchingly held the straining attitude, Valtz had finished, and she resumed her street clothing and went out, saying merely

that she would return on the day after the morrow. "Come back after 4 o'clock and before 6," said Valtz to the reporter, "and I will let you see some of the recreations of the artist's life."

An hour later, it being then within the prescribed period, I returned. As I approached the studio door, a great singing of many voices, to the twang of a banjo, broken by shouts and laughter, and accompanied by a steady sound of lively feet upon the floor, rang through the door.

At my knock there was a sudden silence and a sound of scampering. Valtz admitted me.

There were half a dozen young men with pipes in their mouths, sitting and standing about the room. On the model's dais were curled two young women wrapped in blanket and bath robe.

They gazed anxiously at me for a minute, until Valtz, striking his banjo, called out:

"It's all right; go ahead!"

The girls bounded out of their wraps, disclosing one in a man's cutaway coat and trousers, and the other in the velvet jacket I had worn and a brown pair of woolen tights.

Valtz struck up the inspiring gallop that closes "Orphee aux Enfers," and a young fellow began to pat tuba, the others trolled the tune, and the girls danced like mad, till they fell upon the dais, flushed, exhausted and rolling with laughter.

A racy case was begun before Judge Kumler in the Common Pleas Court at Cincinnati, Ohio, recently.

According to the testimony a young wife is placed in a position which, as it at present appears, will be difficult to explain. The case on trial is the habeas corpus of Henry W. May against Eva May, his wife, in which he seeks possession of

many prominent business men. They all said Mrs. May's reputation was bad. Rob Mason, a boy who rode on the laundry delivery wagon frequently with one Solly Reysner, told of engagements Mrs. May made in his presence to meet Reysner; how the latter, when delivering laundry, would sometimes remain in the house from a half to three-quarters of an hour.

Mrs. Tulley, who, before her marriage, was a domestic in Mrs. May's employ, told of Reysner being in a room with Mrs. May and the door locked. She tried to get in and was told to wait, and Mrs. May would be out in a few moments. After a short time she appeared, accompanied by Reysner.

Alice Ingram, a dressmaker, told of seeing Mrs. May in a room with a man when she was almost nude, and the man was in the same condition. That was in a small house occupied by a colored woman in an alley near Mrs. May's home.

Lizzie Martin told of being given a message to deliver to a prominent business man of the town, but did not do it. Mrs. May said the man had an engagement to meet her, but wanted to know when and where and what room to go to. The man came down the alley past her house, but the message was not delivered.

This was the character of the mass of testimony given to the Court. A number of letters were read.

### THE RICHARD K. FOX HUNTING CLUB.

In a few days the citizens of Jacksonville who are interested in gentlemanly sports will be called upon to



LIFE IN THE STUDIO.

subscribe to stock in the Richard K. Fox Hunting Club, the temporary organization of which was completed at the St. James Hotel a few evenings since with Mr. Richard K. Fox as President. One Jacksonville man has already agreed to take a block of \$5,000 of the stock. It is proposed to raise \$100,000 in this way, build an up-to-date suburban club house, and introduce all the reputable sports into Florida.—St. Augustine (Fla.) News, Feb. 14, 1895.

### FOUGHT OFF A MAD BULL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Martindale, a farmer living near Winslow, N. J., had a narrow escape from death by being gored by a bull while working about his farm. He went into the barn to do some work, when the bull turned on him, knocking him down and goring him.

Martindale's daughter, Hattie, heard her father's cries and ran to his assistance. She grabbed a pitchfork, and, at the risk of her own life, prodded the bull with it until it turned tail and ran away.

Mr. Martindale was badly injured, and his daughter had just succeeded in getting her father outside of the fence when the animal made another charge to attack them. Mr. Martindale will recover.

### USED AN AXE ON HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Enraged because of the taunts to which she had been subjected, Mrs. Hannah Marches, of River road, West Manayunk, Pa., near Philadelphia, made a desperate effort to end the life of Joseph Morletto, a neighbor, by clubbing him with an axe.

Morletto's cries attracted the attention of the neighbors, who went to his assistance and prevented a continuance of the assault. Mrs. Marches fought to retain possession of the axe while two men were taking it from her. Morletto was picked up from the road and carried into his house. One of his wrists was fractured, his nose was broken and several of the fingers on the right hand were painfully lacerated; a part of one of his ears was missing, and wounds on the head laid the scalp bare.

### A STRANGE INFATUATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A shocking case of moral depravity was developed before Mayor Winegardner, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., that exceeds anything that has come under His Honor's official notice since his induction into office. The prisoner was Mary Smith, a pretty and voluptuous girl of 16 years. With an innocent face, mild blue eyes and sweet smile that made dimples in her rosy cheeks and disclosed a pearly set of teeth, she presented an unusually attractive appearance in the Mayor's Court when called

to the bench, charged with serious misconduct with an ugly, dirty negro, twice her senior in years. She did not deny her guilt or attempt to excuse her actions, but brazenly affirmed the testimony of the arresting officer, and expressed the most ardent admiration for her dusky lover.

### SHE OUTFOOTED THE HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George E. Newell, who is confined in the county jail on a charge of assault and battery preferred by his sister, and Miss Alwilda Scotts, were united in marriage in the jail office at Zanesville, O.

They were engaged before Newell was locked up, and, as there are no prospects of his early release, the young woman decided to wed the prisoner. She walked fifteen miles to Zanesville, procured the license and changed her name before returning home.

When she left home her father started after her on horseback, but, inspired by love, she succeeded in reaching there ahead of him.

### FLED IN NIGHTGOWNS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Explosion of an oil-stove destroyed by fire a house at 442 East Jersey street, owned by Christian Rhein, at Elizabeth, N. J.

The Central Variety Theatre, adjoining, had a narrow escape from destruction, and was badly scorched. Three actresses and four actors, who boarded over the theatre, fled to the street in their nightgowns. Their apartments were filled with smoke.

### HER LIFE FOR THEIRS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lillian McMullen, a fifteen-year-old orphan employed at the stock farm owned by Joseph Fahy, the watch case manufacturer, at North Haven, was drowned while crossing Peconic Bay on the ice between North Haven and Shelter Island, near Greenport, L. I.

With her when she set out upon her journey were the two daughters of Superintendent Gordon of the stock farm, and Rover, a Newfoundland dog. The three were trudging merrily along on their way home from the island, having crossed the bay in safety a few hours before. When half way between the island and North Haven Lillian stepped in an air hole, which was covered with snow and a thin coating of ice.

The two children hastened to her assistance, and they, too, fell through. Lillian, instead of trying to get out herself, gave her attention to the little ones. She bravely grasped the rough edges of the ice and held on until the children climbed to her shoulders and thence on the ice. Then she warned them not to come near her again. Rover tried to pull one of the children from her position, but the noble brute slipped on the uncertain surface. He, however, hung on, and at last lifted his charge so far from the water that she was able to clamber out on firm ice.

Lillian had become chilled and was hardly able to move after she had placed the children in safety. She struggled to pull herself out, but her strength soon failed her and she sank out of sight. The body will probably be carried out to Gardner's Bay by the strong current.

### DANCERS LOSE THEIR CLOTHES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At a masquerade ball given at Williamsburg, N. Y., recently, the cloak-room was robbed and many of the girls were sent home in cabs, but not all of them, and it was a little startling to see on a bright Sunday morning, ballet dancers in pink tights, Indian warriors in paint and feathers, gayly dressed clowns, and Highland lassies with their scantily clad legs exposed to the chilly blasts. There was a club of twelve well-set young women who attended the ball in the Highland costume. People on their way to early church stopped and stared at the home-going revellers and wondered.

### A NIMBLE-FOOTED YOUNG WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It cost Miss Flora Farna, a gay young lady of Chicago, Ill., just \$25 to kick a policeman in the eye. Miss Farna is a tall, handsome blonde, about twenty-three years old. Park Policeman Frawley testified that he met her in Jackson Park. He said she was intoxicated and very boisterous.

"I managed to get her into a carriage," said the policeman, "but before I could shut the door she leaned back in the seat and kicked me in the eye. I was off duty for two weeks because of this."

Lawyer Bernard Malone pleaded for the woman, but the Justice said, "Twenty-five dollars' fine."

### FRANK B. BROWN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank B. Brown is a swift young skater, who recently won the amateur championship of Montana in a five-mile skating contest with Norman Wallace. He defeated Wallace by 1 1/4 laps in the fast time of 17 minutes and 30 seconds, against a strong wind. Mr. Brown is only twenty years old, and stands ready to defend the championship against all comers in the State.

### JOHNNY LAVACK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Among the clever young boxers who are coming to the fore in the featherweight class none is more worthy a conspicuous place in our gallery than Johnny Lavack. In the West he is looked upon as a formidable opponent of George Dixon, and it is more than likely that the two will be brought together at no distant date.

### LOOK OUT FOR THIS CROOK!

One hundred dollars reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of D. O. Shaw, who is soliciting subscriptions for the POLICE GAZETTE. When last heard of he was working Texas. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

### Reality Itself!

"The Demi-Monde of Paris." Real and daring portrayal of life in the gay capitals of the world. Superbly illustrated with 167 photo-gravures. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

### Never Up a Stump!

We know what our readers want, and so never miss fire. Four Handsome Lithograph Supplements this year, and all free! POLICE GAZETTE No. 918, Out March 14th, will contain the first Supplement. Remember price of paper remains the same, only 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.





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SYLVIA THORNE.

A PRETTY AND GRACEFUL BLONDE PRIMA DONNA, NOW SINGING IN "THE PASSING SHOW."





A STRANGE INFATUATION.

A DECIDEDLY PRETTY AND BLUE-EYED YOUNG WOMAN BRAZENLY DECLARES HER LOVE FOR A BURLY NEGRO, AT LAWRENCEBURG, IND.



USED AN AXE ON HIM.

AN ANGRY WOMAN INJURES A NEIGHBOR WHO HAD ANNOYED HER BY NEARLY CLUBBING HIM TO DEATH, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HER LIFE FOR THEIRS.

A BRAVE YOUNG GIRL SACRIFICES HERSELF IN SAVING TWO LITTLE CHILDREN, NEAR GREENPORT, L. I.



## FLOATS, FRILLS AND WINE.

These Were the Chief Glories  
of Arion's Revel.

## SPECTACULAR AND NAUGHTY

Some of the Startling Scenes Witnessed  
in and out of the Wine Room.

## PINK FLESHINGS IN GREAT EVIDENCE

Did anybody stay away from the Arion Ball?  
It did not seem so.

Madison Square Garden was literally packed on the night it was held. In the boxes, from the top of the massive building, all about the sides, to the floor, every available foot of space was filled with a merry, laughing, expectant face; and about the promenade one had to be content to move along with the surging mass and take chances on coming out alive.

Two classes attend the Arion Ball—the respectable German element connected with the club, and the blond-haired, wine-drinking women of the half world, who occupy the boxes and make things merry for the gilded youth and sporting men who follow in their train. The first named go prepared for a royal good time. The whole family is there—the young children dressed in fancy costumes, the buxom mothers, smiling and happy, and the Arionites themselves, supremely contented and in their element.

The procession of floats is the feature of the evening to these people, and it was a particularly fine procession this year.

The Arion float, gorgeous with colored lights and flowers, received tremendous applause, the plump little girls who formed living pictures about its sides coming in for their full share of admiration, compliments and hand-blown kisses.

When it had gone the fathers and mothers in the throng hastened to unmask and go home.

It was worth while, however, to stay if only to admire the decorations. Never, in the history of the Garden, has it been known to look so beautiful.

By 2 o'clock all the good German folk were gone, and everybody who had a home should have done likewise. But one's first Arion ball is not an occasion to be thought lightly of, so, like many another, I stayed to see "the sights."

I saw them!

Would that I had not.

If any poor youth has become enamored of femininity, to the detriment of his peace of mind and personal welfare, let him spend one night at an Arion ball and he'll surely be cured of his enchantment for the sex. My own heart bled for the sex and my veins tingled with resentment, as I sat in the wine room or walked about the corridors and watched the antics of the creatures who, unfortunately, must bear the name of woman.

"The wine room is the place to go to see the Arion at its best," said everybody, and accordingly to the wine room everybody went. There revelry ran high, but it began slowly and cautiously.

"Too much Lexow," was the general comment, and the opinion was loudly expressed that while Lexowism was a good thing in its way, it was mighty poor diet for Arion balls.

We secured a table in a corner commanding a good view of the room, and prepared to see the "fun." At the next table were two young fellows, who were fast making way with a case of wine, and as the inspiring liquid went down their spirits rose, and the quietness of the place began to pall upon them.

"I say," said one, in a loud voice, "I'm Bailey, '95, and I don't like this Arion Ball. Let's whoop it up!"

Then his companion suggested a song, and with a generous interperment of hiccoughs they began:

"Oh, we hail from Princeton College;  
There's the place to get your knowledge."

"Too bad you didn't stay there a while longer," suggested a man at the next table, who was in the midst of a good story.

Then the dear little intoxicated Princeton boys replied in characteristic Princeton language that the man of the good story stand up against them and settle the difficulty by a knock-out in one or two rounds, or as many as the gentleman of the good story desired. The latter did not fall in with the plan, however, and politely declined.

The next entertainment for the wine-room habitués was furnished by a quartet that took seats at a centre table and proceeded to make things hum. The leader of this coterie, who had a splendid mustache, which must have been growing for some time, and carried a miniature broom in his pocket, which would have been just the thing for cleaning streets, ordered two quart bottles of white seal.

"No!" cried the brunette with the hollow cheeks and dancing eyes, "I want Piper Heidsieck!"

"Too late! the order's given!" replied he of the broom.

The brunette insisted on having her way, but to no avail, so she stamped her foot and sat back in her chair till all the glasses were filled, and then, as quick as a flash, she lifted a well-shaped leg, encased in blue silk hose, and sweeping it round the table upset every glass on it with her toes. Everybody at the table jumped as the wine went flowing over the sides; but the place was

in an uproar, and men and women shouted "Not so bad!"

It certainly was disgustingly bad, but the girl with the blue silk hose got Piper Heidsieck, after all.

Although every man in the room was in a most generous mood, and willing to drink to the beauty of women who never before had been called aught but plain, they drew the line at two coy little maidens in Kate Greenaway frocks, which did not fall below their knees, and braids down their backs, who came tripping into the wine room, making a bid for popular favor. They could not have been less than forty years old, and even the heavy coating of paint and powder could not fill in the wrinkles.

How unmercifully they were gazed.

"Does your mamma know you're out?"

"Shouldn't stop up nights, children; it'll spoil your complexion when you get big," and so on till the coy little Kate Greenaways were compelled to seek other quarters.

Perhaps the jolliest, merriest and most disgraceful act of the night was one which took place in the little square opening behind the boxes. There a number of dreadful men formed a group round a couple of wicked little French dancing girls who some time since danced in a variety hall. These girls wore scant red skirts, slit up both sides, which fell in and out as they moved, disclosing a large amount of anatomy in flesh-colored tights. The men gathered close around their wicked entertainers, drinking, with hungry eyes, every movement of sensuous, undulating grace of those hide-and-seek flesh tights, with their shapely, curving outlines, and it must have been ten minutes before I could get as much as a peep at the

before, and his skilful handling of the grounds quickly stamped him as the right man to succeed the old stockholders in the New York Baseball Club. The new magnate, because he never figured in baseball affairs before, was at first pronounced by some incompetent to run professional baseball in this city; but he has been a follower of the game for a good many years, and he has learned the ropes so rapidly that to-day he knows just what moves to make and how to make them without blundering. As a League magnate, judging from his ability as a business man and his good common sense, Freedman will be a success.

## A PRETTY ACTRESS MURDERED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A murder with many sensational features took place at Zeisles' Hotel, Walnut street, above Eighth, at Philadelphia, Pa., when Madge Yorke, twenty-two years old, an actress with the "Baggage Check" Company, which is billed to appear at the Empire Theatre this week, was shot and killed by her sweetheart, James B. Gentry, thirty years old, who is connected with the Willie Collier Company. Gentry fled after the shooting and was captured two days later.

Members of the "Baggage Check" company seem to know but little of the relations existing between the

appearance was learned from her. Miss Yorke was dressed for the street when he walked into the room and said:

"Madge, why didn't you meet me?"

"I was there, but you weren't," she answered.

"Well, won't you kiss me?"

"Not until I have an explanation."

Gentry, at this, drew his revolver from his pocket, and holding it close to the startled woman's face, fired three times. Two of the shots entered her forehead and the other pierced the left eye within an inch of the first two fired.

With blood streaming from her head, the woman sank to the floor, and in the excitement which followed Gentry escaped from the hotel by means of the fire-escape in the rear.

The victim was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, but as the patrol wagon dashed up to the receiving ward it was found that death had occurred on the way.

Miss Yorke was in private life a Miss Margaret Winifred Drysdale, of No. 169 West Seventy-eighth street, New York. Gentry was from Richmond, Va.

Madge Yorke was well known in theatrical circles as a competent performer of minor parts. She was with the Francis Wilson Opera Company for several years. She had a pleasant singing voice and was gradually advanced from the back row of the chorus to the position of leading chorus girl. Finally she was given small parts to play.

Her success was largely due to her beauty, and she attracted much attention from the gilded youth of the city. When farce-comedy became popular several years ago she became desirable, as she could sing acceptably and successfully play the unexacting roles in that department of the drama. She had been with several farce-comedy companies during the last two years, and when the "Baggage Check" company was organized, several months ago, she was engaged as the leading vocalist.

James B. Gentry is regarded as an excellent character actor of the "Solon Shingle" type. He has been conspicuous in farce-comedy work for several years, and before that was on the variety stage. He is tall, thin and swarthy, and has always been noted for his retiring manner when off the stage. This manner was understood by his friends to conceal a fiery temper. When captured he was bleeding from wounds that are believed to have been self-inflicted.

## STUDENTS ON A TEAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Despite the assertion of President Sprague that three students were expelled from the Wyoming Seminary, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., only because they had received twenty demerits for misconduct and the denial of several of the faculty that there had been any trouble a different version of the affair is given by one of the expelled students.

Several students have been causing a great deal of trouble for some time, chiefly by playing tricks on fellow students. When Herbert Brahlman, of Rochester, N. Y., was taken from bed one night several weeks ago when the mercury was at zero and ducked under a pump he soundly thrashed the leader of the band. Three boys entered Brahlman's room by taking the door off its hinges, while he was asleep a week ago, and stole his trunk and all his clothes, keeping them until last Wednesday. Brahlman had to appear at breakfast and chapel in football trousers and a mackintosh the morning after the theft, and until his clothes were returned he wore borrowed ones.

Fourteen students gathered in F. W. Rymer's room after lights were out last week, had a supper at one o'clock in the morning, dressed themselves in sheets and pillow cases, and with tin cans and noise producing instruments marched to the girl's department in another wing of the building.

Gathering in a body at the big door of the main sleeping hall, they formed a flying wedge, and rushing on the door, broke it down and tore through the apartment with yells and screams.

Some of the young women, awakened in such a manner, went into hysterics; others, throwing open the windows, shrieked for help. The boys kept up their shouting, and this with the screams of the girls made a racket that was heard through the whole college.

Professor Sprague and others did not reach the scene of the disturbance for some time, and then the boys had escaped to their rooms. An investigation was made the next morning, and David Reese, F. H. Leacock and F. W. Rymer, three of the leaders, were expelled from the seminary. After they had gone Brahlman's trunk was returned.

## ROBBED OF HER JEWELS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. J. C. Derrickson, an elderly woman, residing at Berlin, Md., was robbed of \$1,200 worth of diamonds and a saskin saccue at Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Derrickson came there a few days ago to visit a daughter, who has rooms at 706 West Washington square.

Mrs. Derrickson carried her diamonds in a chamois bag which she tied around her neck. When she went to bed with the diamonds in it was on her neck, but when she awoke the bag and her diamonds and her saskin saccue were gone. There is absolutely no clue, as far as is known, to the thief.

## CHARLES JERIMIAH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles Jerimiah is noted as the champion cake-walker of the world. He hails from Knoxville, Tenn., and has recently been appearing through Ohio and Illinois with a specialty company, consisting of jubilee singers and professional cake-walkers. A picture of Mr. Jerimiah appears in this issue.

## Drive Dull Care Away!

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES will do the trick. Brightest, spiciest and handiest illustrated Novels on the Market. No. 13, "Mistress or Wife?" is a dandy. Buy it. Read it, and you will want the whole series. Price, by mail, 50 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.



AT THE ARION BALL.

shocking, disgraceful performance. Then, as the crowd grew larger and more unsuspecting passers-by were drawn within the circle of this abominable performance, the girls kicked and turned somersaults and did splits, until the police were seen approaching, and then the Godless entertainment broke up and the gaping crowd melted away.

At last daylight appeared. When this stage was reached it was time for breakfast, and everybody went in search of wraps, and said bad words about the arrangement which necessitated climbing so many stairs.

The maids in the dressing-rooms reaped a rich harvest from the generosity born of intoxication, for many a maudlin Tenderloin belle whisked up her silken skirts and brought forth a bill for the obliging maid, never bothering her head about the figure on the green-back. But few of the "perfect ladies" with the blond heads and the pencilled brows followed a straight line to their carriages.

And so ended the Arion ball of Ninety-five.

## ANDREW D. FREEDMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Baseball enthusiasts from one end of the country to the other are interested in knowing something about the man who has recently become a factor in the administration of the New York Baseball club and so much has been written about him since he completed the biggest baseball deal on record that the thousands of cranks are also anxious to see what he looks like. Andrew D. Freedman was born in New York, 35 years ago. When he was about 15 years old, he went into the wholesale drygoods business. He remained there for about ten years, and then branched out as a real estate broker and operator. He soon built up a most profitable business. Freedman first became prominent in the sporting world when he was appointed receiver of the defunct Manhattan Athletic Club. This was in January, 1893, and he at once assumed the management of Manhattan Field. It was chiefly through his efforts that New Yorkers were provided with more big college football games in the two years following than ever

## Always in It!

Our Colored Supplements are the best produced. Always new and up to date subjects. This year we give away **Four Free Supplements**. The first will be presented **Free** with Police Gazette No. 916, **Out Thursday, March 14th**. Secure your copy by ordering it from your news-dealer in advance. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

years. His part in "Hoss and Hoss" was that of Rube, while in the "Back Number," which is now being produced in Jersey City, he played the part of Superintendent.

Gentry was employed in the "Baggage Check" company about six weeks ago and it was then that he met his victim. Failure to properly fill the part assigned to him led to his being dropped, but the friendship between the two was kept up. Miss Yorke arrived in Philadelphia from Chester, Pa., and took an early train for Jersey City, where, it is understood, she expected Gentry to meet her on the station platform.

She returned to Zeisles' Hotel at six o'clock the same evening, and retired to her room. Gentry evidently followed her to Philadelphia, for about nine o'clock he appeared at Mrs. Dietrick's theatrical boarding house, adjoining Zeisles', and went through the house, inquiring at each door for Miss Yorke.

Falling in his quest there he went to Zeisles', and learned on inquiry that Miss Yorke was stopping there, and the proprietor said he would send his card up in a minute, and happened to mention the number of the room she was occupying.

Upon receipt of this information Gentry apparently came abruptly to a decision. Without waiting for his card to precede him, he mounted the stairs to the third story and entered Miss Yorke's room in the rear, unannounced, and although it is stated that he had never been at the hotel before, and despite the fact that he was very drunk, he appeared to be perfectly familiar with the location of the room.

Miss Edna Clark, who plays the part of Miss Ultra-style in the "Baggage" company, was with Miss Yorke when Gentry entered, and what happened after his



# GIRLS TUTORED IN VICE.

Gilded Traps Set to Catch the  
Pretty Typewriters.

SHAPELY ONES PREFERRED.

Compelled to be Kissed and Hugged by  
Business Men who Employ Them.

MANY PITFALLS IN THEIR PATH.

I met in an L train the other day, a very sweet little girl whom I numbered among my friends. She was looking very dejected. Upon questioning her I found out the cause of her despondency.

"I am thinking seriously of giving up stenography," she said.

I was astonished. The last time I met this same girl she was bright and happy. I understood from her, writes Dorothy Dare, that she had a very lovely position.

"What has caused this sudden revulsion of feeling?" I asked.

"Well, I am out of a position. I was forced to give up the one I had, and you know what hard work it was for me to get that."

I was getting interested, so I asked her what the trouble was. She blushed and stammered and finally refused to speak. And it was only after much persuasion and amid tears and blushes in the privacy of my room that she confessed the truth. She said:

"In the beginning everything was lovely. My employer treated me with the utmost kindness and deference. After a time he began paying me little attentions. He would bring me in a box of candy to-day and to-morrow some pretty flowers. After a time his attentions became more marked, and the bouquets and candy came oftener. One day he brought me in a box of gloves. These I refused. It seemed all right to accept the candy and flowers, but the gloves—no. Still, he was so courteous that I thought he meant it in all kindness, and I actually hated to hurt his feelings by refusing the gloves.

"Things went on this way for a time until one day he asked me out to luncheon. I excused myself. The next day he repeated the request. I refused the next day and the next. Finally, knowing there was no real harm in eating luncheon with my employer, and as it seemed the only alternative, I consented. After I had gone to luncheon several times he one day requested that I drink wine. You know I never drink wine. So I refused. He took it kindly, and said:

"I don't want you to do anything, little girl, that you do not wish to do."

"But, nevertheless, he asked me to drink wine the next time I went to luncheon, which was some time later, for I refused for a long time after that. Well, the upshot of the whole matter was that my self-respect would not permit me to stay with him longer. And now I do not know but that I am worse off, for I have been answering advertisements, and only seem to meet with some new form of insult every day, until, in desperation, I think of giving the business up entirely and going out as a nurse girl."

"Tell of your experiences in answering advertisements," I said.

"Well," she said, "I advertised myself first. One of the men who replied wished to know if I would travel with a theatrical company. Of course, I did not care to, so I did not look into that."

"Another wanted to know if I would like to go to Georgia, and still another wanted to know if I would be willing to travel without giving me any place. None of these were what I sought. But the last one was from a woman. She requested me to call. Her office is up town."

The girl, with flaming cheeks, tried to tell me of the insult she underwent here, and, really, she was too young to fully realize its awful import.

I went first to a prominent uptown teacher of stenography and typewriting, whose business brings him in contact with the employers of these young women. It is one of his duties, after perfecting his pupils in stenography and typewriting, to find positions for them. He has found that certain men cannot keep their stenographers very long. To these men he will not permit one of his girls to go. He works hand-in-hand with a large typewriter concern that finds positions for hundreds of girls yearly. This concern tries as far as possible to keep posted on these kind of men. They have a sort of black-list, as it were. When a name goes on that black-list that man cannot get a girl through this concern's agency. Pretty soon all the typewriter concerns find him out, and the only way he can secure a stenographer is by advertising. And thus does the young girl run into danger in answering advertisements. Not always, of course; there are some honest men who advertise, but a great many are not.

"The sort of men who make life miserable for the young woman who wishes to earn an honest living are usually men in more or less questionable business," said this prominent teacher the other day to me. "They are very often lawyers of no standing, and men whose business does not require a large force of clerks. Although, too, some very prominent men—I could name them, too, but if I did you would be astonished and shocked—act thus dishonorably. They are doctors, publishers, bankers, brokers, lawyers—in fact, men of all callings, both of low and high degree.

"In fact complaints have become so numerous that I feel like telling girls to insist upon recommendations from intended employers rather than to give them."

"There are two kinds of girls," he continued, "one who is thoroughly posted on what might be expected and thoroughly able to take care of herself. She has

learned through friends what to do and how to take care of herself. Then there is the other one, whose home surroundings have been such that not a thought of evil can enter into her mind. This latter class of girls go to work without an idea of what scamps there are in the world. The first class very seldom meet with any difficulty, because the first approaches are treated in such a manner that they are not repeated; but in the second class, all the kindnesses shown are taken and benefits thankfully received, and no thought of payment being required in the future.

"It is a very peculiar thing, but my girls will come to me in their trouble, when they will not tell their folks at home. The fact of the matter is, I draw their troubles from them. I can tell in a minute when a girl is dissatisfied with her employer; whether she is having any trouble or not.

"Here is one instance of many. One of my girls came to me one day and said that she had had a disagreement with her employer, and did not wish to keep the position any longer. I questioned her. At first she was reluctant to talk, but finally I drew from her the following story:

"My employer had behaved in a perfectly gentlemanly fashion until to-day, when he had contrived by some manner of means to so arrange it that we were alone in the office. I was working quietly at my desk, with no thought of evil, when suddenly I heard the key turn in the door, and upon looking up discovered that Mr. — had turned the key. I arose in alarm, and as I did so he threw his arms about my waist and attempted to kiss me. I was awfully frightened and for a moment was tempted to scream. But I immediately realized that should I do so it would cause much excitement in the building and put me in a very embarrassing position. So I forced myself to keep cool and thought very hard for the next few moments. I felt perfectly sick at heart at the position in which I found myself, and wanted to escape without attracting more attention than was necessary. As I broke away from his grasp I noticed a book lying upon the table, and with a sudden inspiration I picked it up and threw it with all my might at the glass door. Of course the glass was broken. The noise had attracted the attention of every one in the hall.

"My tormentor realized his position at once,

gave some room which could be used for the purpose of their work. He was so cold, and apparently so earnest, she was so young and so inexperienced, that she never hesitated, but accepted the money he offered her and started out in search of some room convenient to the office.

She explained very frankly what it was for to the various people to whom she applied, and was very much astonished to find her applications refused with much gruffness and even sneers. She succeeded at last, however, in getting the room, but not until she had grown tired of telling for what it was wanted. Then she went back in great glee to the office and told of her success.

Need I tell the rest? It is an old story to one who has listened to the confidences of many of these girls. The machine was sent to the room, and, after a pretense at dictating, the old gray-haired scoundrel attempted to slip his arm around the girl's waist. A pair of blue eyes that before had looked so mildly innocent, flashed with scorn and contempt as the girl broke away from him and opened the door.

In an office on Forty-second street, near Broadway, a very sweet little rosy-cheeked maiden of the blond type of beauty sat at a pretty brand new typewriter and with deft fingers clicked away at the keys, transcribing the hieroglyphic marks in her notebook in clean type upon the paper before her.



ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.

She was happy. She was very happy. She had just secured the position in this elegantly-furnished office through a friend.

Her employer, Mr. H—, we will say, seemed more than pleased with her. He treated her with great consideration, and the young girl thought that at last, after a long struggle she had secured a "good position."

Her employer was a very handsome man, of fine physique, and wonderfully magnetic. The young girl noticed upon first glance that he was handsome and felt that there was something wonderfully attractive about the dark eyes; but only in a vague sort of a way. She thought of him simply as her employer, and, naturally enough, did not give much thought to his appearance.

But as day after day passed by and she would notice that every time she glanced up from the typewriter the handsome eyes were looking steadfastly at her, she gradually began to feel this man's power.

"He seemed to throw a sort of hypnotic spell over me," she said. "As the serpent fascinates its victims, so he seemed to fascinate me. I began to feel afraid of him, and yet I hadn't the courage to leave, nor did I seem to want to. Days went by. I seemed when in his presence to be in a sort of dream, and worked in a mechanical fashion. One day he slipped his arm round my waist and attempted to kiss me. Up to this time never by word or look had he been other than respectful and courteous. I tried to resent the movement, but the hypnotic power of the man took such possession of me that I seemed powerless to move. I was so frightened my heart nearly stopped beating. I realized then how foolish I had been to remain. And with the thought seemed to come a sudden strength, and I tore away from his grasp, seized my coat and hat and almost ran from the building. I never went back. I'll confess I was afraid to do so."

"After a long time," she continued, "I succeeded in getting another position. I had to work much harder and I was not the only girl employed. But I didn't mind that. I thought here, at least, I was safe. 'There is always safety in numbers,' you know, they say. But it didn't prove so in this case, for I hadn't held the position but a short while when my employer began paying me all sorts of attentions. It was a case of bonbons, flowers, theatre and luncheon all the time. I thought the man honestly admired me, and accepted his attentions until one day the awakening came. I had my choice to stay or go. With a sinking heart I left, wondering what my next experience would be, pro-

viding I didn't starve before getting another position. Up to this time I had been happy in the thought that I was beautiful. Now, I felt that I would have given anything to be as plain as some of the girls who were permitted to stay and earn their bread and butter honestly."

Another friend came to me and told me an almost similar story. The man for whom she worked wanted her to go to luncheon, the theatre, etc., but she refused. He never openly insulted her. He really seemed afraid of her imperious ways. But this only made him the more determined. Finally, when he had made her life so miserable that she could stand it no longer, she left in desperation.

"And I learned later," she said, "that I was even more fortunate than his average amanuensis. The man for the past four or five years had been unable to keep a stenographer longer than a day, for the reason that he usually brutally and pointedly told his victim on her entrance into the office what would be expected of her."

An ex-Assemblyman who is looked upon with the highest respect in political and social circles carries on a publishing business downtown. Not satisfied with wrecking one beautiful girl's life, he deliberately set about to work another's ruin. His second victim was very young—but 14—and a wonderfully bright and clever little girl. For a time he seemed determined to accomplish his designs. But after a time her childish innocence and purity that could see no evil in anything seemed to appeal to his better nature, and this, in connection with her brightness, seemed to awaken an intense sort of genuine admiration for and pride in his "clever little stenographer."

A manager of an operatic company sent to one of the agencies for a stenographer. They sent over a sweet-faced, innocent young girl. The manager was a very magnetic man. After she had been with him a few days

he began to tell her what a sweet little girl she was. The girl was a stranger to New York and its ways. She was all sincerity, and, naturally enough, thought every one else sincere. So that when he took her in his arms one day and told her how dear she was to him, and that when she grew old enough she should be his wife, she believed him. In the meantime she would be "his little secretary." If she wished, she might go on the stage. Now the girl really had some talent in this direction, and was passionately fond of the artistic. She saw herself a great star, and, besides, she was very much fascinated with her seeming admirer. She lived in a sort of happy day dream, happy in her love and happy in the prospect of going on the stage, with some one to take care of her, for she was all alone in the world. But her happiness was to receive a crushing blow. One day while walking to her business, her heart light and her face aglow with happiness, she met a girl friend. In the course of their conversation the girl happened to remark to her companion that she was amanuensis for Mr. —.

Her friend's face lit up as she replied, "Is that so? Why, I was once with him. But he almost broke my heart; told me he loved me, wanted to marry me, etc., and then ended up by never paying me a cent for the work I had done. And I understand that he tells every girl the same thing; that is what cured my infatuation for him. You will do well to leave him before he starts making love to you. But, then, you are too sensible to fall in love with such a man—forgive me for even thinking such a thing, won't you?" and she left her, never realizing the awful blow that she had unconsciously given my friend.

What happened? Oh, the poor child was ill for a time; but she recovered. "And only to think," she said, "I never knew or imagined the man was married until I heard about his wife one day."

A short time ago a lawyer of no reputation, who has an office on Fulton street, in the Downing Building, sent to one of the typewriter's offices for a young woman stenographer. The girl was sent to him. She was not particularly pretty, but was of neat appearance, bright, clever, golden-haired and a good stenographer. She took a dislike to the man from the first and had a premonition that all would not be well. Still, she had been out of work so long that she was glad to get a position, even for a short time, and thought by being clever she might fight off any advances that might be made. She remained one week. The man was very clever. He had not really said anything that could be misconstrued. It was more his insolent manner. He had repeatedly asked her to lunch with him, and she had repeatedly refused.

At the end of the week she left, and the contemptible scoundrel handed her \$2, with the remark:

"Had you not been so stubborn, you should have had more."

## THOMAS DENNY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Australian pugilists are plentiful in this country, but the latest arrival is Tom Denny, a brother of Martin, the famous lightweight who has already been in America. Young Tom is on the eligible list for featherweight honors, and came from England ostensibly to fight Dixon. He is now matched for a trial bout with Solly Smith, which takes place within a few days at the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island.

## LOUIS KOHUS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Notable dogs are not a rarity these days, but the one favored in the accompanying illustration merits conspicuous attention. He was a walf when Mr. Kohus picked him up outside the door of his hotel in Addyston, O. He developed fighting qualities and his record in ratting contests has never been beaten. He can be backed for big money against any dog in the country. Mr. Kohus is the leading sporting man in his part of Ohio.

## Three of a Kind!

Extremely handsome Colored Prize Ring Pictures—Corbett and Fitzsimmons; Corbett and Mitchell; Corbett and Jackson; size 165x23 inches each. Suitable for framing. All three mailed to your address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

and turning very red he quickly unlocked the door just as the knob was being turned by one of his neighbors, who had come in to find out whether anything was the matter. It didn't take me more than a minute to put on my hat and coat. When I had done so I walked calmly out of the door. And here I am."

"And here you shall stay," I said. "I will send for your books and see that you get another position."

This circumstance happened in an office in the Equitable Building.

A familiar figure in many offices where typewriters are used is an old man whose white hair would seem to entitle him to the respect which he everywhere receives. He makes a very good income by renting typewriters by the month and in repairing and exchanging them. He has a nice office downtown and employs several young men.

A young and attractive girl of my acquaintance went to this office recently to pay the rent for a machine which she had been using at home. He questioned her and learned that she had not done any work outside, and immediately asked if she could spare three afternoons a week. He told her that he would give her \$5 for each afternoon, and being inexperienced she was naturally elated at earning so much money so easily. He was writing a book, he said, and must have perfect quiet while dictating. The office there was too noisy—could he come to her home? She replied that she did not live in the city. That seemed to please him, and he suggested that, as quiet he must have, she should en-

## Pauline's Caprice,

By Emile Zola, the famous French author. No. 5 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 140 illustrations drawn by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.





A PRETTY ACTRESS MURDERED.

COMEDIAN JAMES B. GENTRY SHOOTS AND KILLS MADGE YORKE IN A HOTEL, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.



FLED IN NIGHTGOWNS.

SEVERAL ACTRESSES ARE FORCED TO FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES FROM THEIR ROOMS BY A FIERCE FIRE.





SHE OUTFOOTED THE HORSE.

INSPIRED BY LOVE, A PLUCKY GIRL SUCCEEDS IN OUTWITTING HER FATHER, AT ZANESVILLE, O.



A NIMBLE-FOOTED YOUNG WOMAN.

HER DAINTY BOOT ACCIDENTALLY CAME IN CONTACT WITH A POLICEMAN'S EYE, AT CHICAGO, ILL.



## IN FISTIANA'S REALM.

The Maher-Hall "Draw" In Boston Last Week.

### CORBETT'S MANLY CONDUCT.

The Buffalo Sporting Men Give Andy Bowen's Widow a Benefit.

### CRITICISM OF FISTIC HAPPENINGS.

Boxers, more than any other people in the world, seem to have a peculiar faculty for knocking their own game. The Donovan fiasco of a few weeks ago was a case in point, and a parallel was furnished in the Maher-Hall fake which was brought off to an unsuccessful conclusion in Boston, last Friday night.

The incidents of that affair may be briefly told. So extensively had the affair been advertised together with the supposed eagerness of Maher to establish his claims to another battle with Fitzsimmons, served to fill the hall with the most notable people ever seen at a ring side. A number of theatrical celebrities—the kind that rarely fail to a fake—made up a purse in addition to the price of their tickets, to pay for preliminary bouts so that the star event of the evening might be delayed long enough to enable them to finish their performances at the various theatres, and be in time for Maher and Hall. It was therefore almost midnight when the two principals donned their five ounce mitts and began business. Before the first round was over the spectators began to suspect that the men thoroughly understood each other. Maher was first to lead with his right for the heart. Hall, in jumping back, held out his left to keep the Irishman away. One or two ineffectual exchanges followed, and time was called. In the second round the men began to give some exhibition sparring. This was kept up until the spectators began to hiss. Maher had all he could do to keep from laughing, and in the third round he seemed ashamed. Hall fell in this round. It was while getting away, and it was all a mistake. Maher caught him with a weak left on the jaw, and as he was close to the ropes he tripped and fell. This unenvied matters for those who did not see the cause of Hall's downfall, but the hissing soon again filled the hall. From this time on the work of the two men savored more and more of the fake. In the fifth round hundreds left the hall, and those who remained yelled loudly for the referee to declare the fight off. He refused to, and the sixth round saw both men giving low pats, with an occasionally vicious swing around the back of the neck or a loud flat-of-the-hand slap on the shoulder. Then the referee declared the fight a draw.

In the light of events to come, Maher may as well be made to understand why he is not accorded the consideration he might believe himself entitled to. He has already received one reminder of the folly of faking. The Suffolk Athletic Club, of Boston, under whose auspices he was to have fought Jake Kilrain, has declared the bout off, and notified Maher that his services will not be required. Another opponent will be found for the veteran. Maher is also expected to box Steve O'Donnell on May 15; and bids from the various sporting clubs for the privilege of giving the bout were expected to roll in as a result of the encounter which ended so disastrously on Friday night. Now it will not be surprising if the clubs all refuse to do business with anything that is engaged in.

Of Hall little need be said, but Maher had a royal chance to take Sullivan's place in the affections of the sporting public. Next to Corbett he has been the most popular fistic star touring the country in connection with theatrical enterprises. He has really become clever, too, and there was no occasion for him to descend to the level of a faker; for in my opinion he could have earned the money by beating Hall legitimately. After this, however, he will be treated gingerly by the clubs and people who make a specialty of pugilism, and if he does not get to the top of his profession, he has only himself to blame.

The Suffolk Athletic Club under whose auspices the affair took place is in no way to blame for the fiasco. Matchmaker Innes planned the entertainment in good faith, and was assured by both men that the contest would be upon its merits. Mr. Innes accepted the result when the men themselves agreed that in the event of both being upon their feet at the end of the sixth round, a draw should be declared. He opposed this in favor of a decision, but his suggestion was ignored, and helpless under the circumstances he permitted the contest to go on. Mr. Kelleher the referee, would have caught the lasting regard of all fair minded sporting men, had he ordered the two men out of the ring when it became apparent that they were only "faking."

The Buffalo sporting element is made up of people of the right sort, judging from the observations I was able to make during a brief sojourn there during the early part of last week to attend the benefit for Andy Bowen's widow, and incidentally to present a medal on behalf of Richard K. Fox to the winner of a lightweight tournament gotten up in connection with the affair was the reason of my visit. The benefit might have been more successful from a pecuniary point of view, but the widow Bowen will receive nearly \$250 through the courtesy and generosity of Billy Madden, who planned and managed the affair. Why it was not more satisfactory from the box office standpoint may be attributed to the same causes that prevail in New York and other leading cities throughout the country. Buffalo, like New York and many other sporting centers seems to be afflicted with an epidemic of reform, especially in this true in everything that pertains to pugilism. So zealous have the authorities been in their endeavors to elevate the morals of the community that they have pretty nearly congested what little sporting blood there is left; and if the present stagnant condition of things continues there is no telling what the "good folks" will have to do to keep their enthusiasm on edge.

Buffalo has always had the reputation of being a good wide open city, and the boxing fraternity were always sure of a glad welcome. Too many fighters and too much fighting seems to have soured the tempers of those in authority, and frequent interference with boxing bouts seems to have disgusted the best patrons of the game. A general apathetic condition exists now, and those who ought to be in the know shake their heads gloomily when asked if there is any chance of things brightening up.

In all other branches of sport Buffalo deserves to be classed among the best on the list. Cycling interests more than two-thirds of the people, and wheel riders may be counted by the thousands. Baseball, too, still retains its hold, while the growth of interest in athletics argues well for the future of that branch of sport. The fighters alone seem to have been knocked! Why?

Sporting people throughout the country are not giving Corbett due credit for an act of generosity that is without parallel in the annals of pugilism. Almost a month has elapsed since the third deposit of \$2,500 was due from Fitzsimmons, pursuant to the articles of agreement entered into with Corbett. By the terms of that agreement, the champion was entitled to claim the \$5,000 already posted, the day after the third deposit was due; but actuated by a peculiar sentiment, based upon an unwillingness to take advantage of his rival under the distressing difficulties which now involve him, Corbett has refrained from taking advantage of his rights, and courageously erases a disposition to give Fitz all the time he wants to make up the required amount of the deposits.

Speaking of the matter Corbett says: "The match was none of my seeking. I never challenged Fitzsimmons, and when he dared me some people actually thought I was afraid of him. It was to prove that I was not that I finally agreed to make the match. But I want

the people to understand that if there is defaulting from any of the conditions of the match it is not on my part; if Fitzsimmons cannot, from any unfortunate or unexpected circumstances, keep his part of the agreement, he should say so. If he wants an extension of time for his third deposit, let him ask for it. I say now that if Fitzsimmons can show me that he will be able to post the remaining deposit of his stake, I am perfectly willing to agree to give him any reasonable extension of time he may ask for. Further, if he can prove to me that he owns any part of the money already up, and needs it in defraying the expenses of his trial, I will cheerfully let him have it on his giving his word that in the event of his safe deliverance from the charge now pending against him—and I most sincerely hope that he will have such deliverance—he will make it good by the time the last deposit is due."

This manly utterance is characteristic of Corbett, and if there was anything needed to convince his traducers of his sincerity, it is contained in the matter quoted above.

Fitzsimmons above all other men ought to appreciate the generosity of the man who is soon to be his opponent in the greatest contest ever recorded in prize ring history.

The peculiar way in which Plimmer's match with Corbett was arranged has seemingly justified some of the pugilistic knave in doubting its authenticity. A match, however, is now pending, and little Billy is engaged in preparing for his departure for England, an event which will take place at an early date.

Plimmer is very enthusiastic over the prospects of fighting Corbett, although he does not underestimate his ability. He told me confidentially, that while he had never seen his prospective opponent put up his hands he had been assured of his cleverness as a boxer, and believed his chances to be unquestioned.

Plimmer, however, bases his chances of victory upon a line in which Chappy Moran, Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, and several other little Britons are involved. It took Corbett 30 rounds to beat Moran, while Plimmer disposed of the latter in 4 rounds. Then the difficulty that Kelly had in beating Moran, and the ease with which Plimmer defeated Kelly, furnishes another line of comparison. In England Plimmer has fought many men whom Corbett has also met, but vanquished them lucratively in much faster time and more summarily than his rival. Plimmer hasn't gone back at all, and ought to win.

I am rather inclined to doubt Arthur Valentine's sincerity in his protested willingness to come to America to fight Kid Lavigne. I base this supposition upon his act in signing articles to fight Jim Perry in London while matters pertaining to his match with Lavigne were pending. The money for his engagement with Perry is posted; and the match ratified. Under these circumstances it would be ridiculous for Matchmaker Kennedy of the Seaside Club to continue any further negotiations with the English lightweight until the result of his next encounter is made known.

Before Lavigne signified his willingness to go against Valentine, the latter was very anxious to come to America; but recent happenings suggest the notion that he doesn't care for the job planned out for him; and is content to stay in England and take on small fry for the crumbs that may be got from the big clubs.

Valentine, while he holds the title of English champion, is only a scoundrel factor in its possession. He is in no sense a champion as gauged from the standard set up by Jim Carney and Dick Barge. I am told that he does not even class with Stanton Abbott; and we all know where he stands in relation to the championship. If Valentine is as poor an example of a lightweight champion as we are given to believe, the best thing he can do is remain at home, where he can play the big toad and little puddle to perfection.

Our own lightweight affairs are in a rather muddled condition owing to the even quality of four or five men who aspire to the championship; but between this lot I don't believe it would be a difficult thing to find one capable of taking Valentine's measure.

An event of great promise to the followers of pugilism will be the fight between Joe Walcott and Mysterious Billy Smith which is "carded" to take place in Boston on March 1, and those who are able to be present may well esteem themselves fortunate. Whether it lasts a minute or an hour, the battle will be a good one. Smith is for all purposes an undefeated man, as is Walcott. Tommy Ryan gained a decision over the former, but he is the only man who has that honor. Mike Harris was declared the winner in a bout with Walcott, but there is not now nor was there then any question as to which was the better. Walcott has been dubbed "the colored wonder from Barbados," and a wonder he certainly is. When in Buffalo the other day I saw him box, and could not help commenting upon the improvement that he has made under Tom O'Rourke's tutelage. In the ring Walcott possesses all the qualities of a rubber ball and battering ram combined. He jumps around the ring with the agility of a cat and hurls himself upon his opponent with a rush that is almost irresistible. No man has ever lived out a finish fight with him. O'Rourke thinks he is the coming champion in his class, and has so declared himself. That is his opinion at present, although the outcome of the battle with Smith may result in a modification of his views. Smith is not a man that makes friends outside the ring, but in it no man who enjoys a good mill, who admires gameness and strength and a heart as stout as a lion's can fail to give him unstintingly of his admiration. Smith is a fighter of the old school. It comes natural to him. His ring career is but an extension of a long series of mills which he fought before his schooldays were over, and his record then was an unbeaten one. Both he and Walcott are good, strong, fast fighters. They will make a great fight, and one which will live long in the memory of every man who may witness it.

The meeting between Horace Leeds and Young Griff, which takes place at Coney Island on March 4, promises to be one of the most interesting fistic events of the year. The cleverness of these two artists is well known, and I predict that a more skillful bout has never been seen in these parts. I am afraid, however, that the Australian is up against the hardest game he has had since he landed in this country. The only thing in his favor is the shortness of the bout. Had Leeds insisted upon twenty rounds instead of twelve, I should have no hesitancy in pronouncing him a winner, for he is a finish fighter and could "go" twenty rounds to better advantage than twelve. The Australian's people knew this, however, and declined the issue under the twenty-round condition. Leeds is a straight left and right hitter, and a more powerful fighter than Griff has ever met. The latter may be clever enough to avoid the punishment for twelve rounds and succeed in making a stand-off; but if Leeds forces the fighting from the outset, realizing that the Australian's punishing powers are limited, I think he has a great chance of winning.

The preliminary bouts will be furnished by Tom Denny and Solly Smith. This will be Denny's debut and a lot is expected of him. Danny McBride and Marty McCue will put up a great set-for-ten rounds.

"SAM" AUSTIN.

### BUNCOED SPORTS RETURN.

A party of twenty New York sporting men, who journeyed to Boston to see the Maher-Hall bout, arrived early Saturday morning at the Grand Central Depot, and presented a very sheepish appearance. That they were buncoed not a man denied. It was a most bare-face fake, according to the stories of the spectators. Hall, it is said, told a New Yorker several weeks ago that he was forced to agree to a draw. This was no secret, but several men took the trip, believing that Maher would "double cross" the Australian. It is understood that the Dublin man promised his friends to do his best, and for this reason heavy odds were laid on him. The men evidently made a new arrangement, however, before the bout began. The receipts were estimated at \$2,500, of which the fighters demanded 50 per cent. Hall expects to go to England in a few days.

Patrons of wrestling who attend Tivoli Hall on Eighth street, N. Y., next Saturday night will see some fine sport. Angelo Napoli, the champion of Italy, will meet Jas. Anderson, of Norway, in a catch-as-catch-can bout, best two out of three falls. Hugh Maloney and Jim Siddells will wrestle Grimo Roman; Jack Casano and Cesar Beck will also appear.

### A Beauty Bright!

Our next Supplement, Given Away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 916, Out Thursday, March 14th. A 16x23 inch Superbly Colored Lithograph Picture worth keeping and worth framing. And only 10 cents for paper and picture, at all newsdealers. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

## PUGILISTIC SMALL TALK.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!!

POLICE GAZETTE,

No. 915,

Will Contain Full and Accurate Reports of the

THREE BIG GLOVE CONTESTS

HORACE LEEDS vs. YOUNG GRIFFO,

TOMMY DENNY vs. SOLLY SMITH,

DANNY MCBRIDE vs. MARTY MCCUE,

At the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island,

MARCH 4TH.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

Joe Dunphy is a likely welterweight. He is clever, heady and skillful and ought to put up a great fight.

Johnny Murphy, of Boston, has been appointed boxing instructor of the Verona Athletic Club of New York.

Shadow Maber, of Australia, and Kid McCoy will meet in a ten-round bout in Memphis, Tenn., within three weeks.

Wm. McCurry, better known as the Virginia Comic is open to fight any man in the world, the Coffee Cooler preferred.

Chris O'Brien, through the "Police Gazette," has challenged any 125 to 137-pound boxer to a contest for \$1,000 a side.

The date of the contest between Buffalo Costello and Billy Woods, which is to take place in Montreal, has been changed to March 4.

Billy Madden has become quite a factor in Buffalo sporting affairs. His saloon on East Swan street is one of the show places of the city.

Austin Gibbons says he is still in the ring, and would like to meet any good 135-pound boxer for \$500 a side in a limited round bout or to a finish.

Robert Lindsey, who won the Richard K. Fox Trophy in the Buffalo lightweight tournament last week, will probably join the professional ranks before long. He is the making of a good fighter.

Billy Plimmer called at the "Police Gazette" office and announced his intention of sailing for Europe on the steamship Majestic Feb. 27. Plimmer will fight Corbett in London on May 27.

H. A. Shalleross wants to back Ed. Simpson, of Toledo, O., against any 110-pound man in the country for \$1,000 a side. If he cannot get a match for Simpson he will take him to England in April.

Yank Sullivan, of Syracuse, was very much in evidence at Buffalo, last Wednesday night. He refereed the bouts at the Bowen benefit. The old sport is hale and hearty and able to "go" a bit himself.

Jim Daly had an easy thing in Buffalo last Wednesday night. He took on a fellow named Donnelly, who announced his willingness to box any man in the house. His aspirations were knocked out with one punch.

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" says that Fred Johnson will meet Frank Erne, of Buffalo, upon his arrival in England and make an arrangement to fight him for a purse and a side stake at the National Sporting Club.

Parson Davies telegraphed to the "Police Gazette" that he, Ryan and Choyinski will not sail for England on the 27th inst., as intended. He has secured permission from the Chicago authorities to hold a boxing show this week.

The Legislature of South Dakota has passed by an overwhelming majority, the bill prohibiting prize fighting, and imposing a penalty of ten years in the penitentiary for the principals and from \$100 to \$500 and one year in the penitentiary for those who aid and abet prize fighting.

Barney Kelly, the Philadelphia bantam, who has been regarded as a coming champion on account of having beaten Billy Plimmer, met a tough customer in Jimmy Dwyer in the Quaker city last Saturday night. They boxed four rounds and Dwyer was doing the best work when the bout ended.

In response to Peter Maher's decision that he would go to England to fight Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, the latter has cabled to the POLICE GAZETTE that he would make any kind of a match with Maher and that the Bollbrooke and National Sporting Clubs of London would both offer purses for the contest.

The fistic tourney at Buffalo last Wednesday night, for the benefit of Andy Bowen's widow netted \$338.50. The contests were mostly between local sports. Jack Batty, who was to have fought Joe Dunphy, of Syracuse, did not put in an appearance. The city lightweight championship and a medal offered by Richard K. Fox was won by B. Lindsey.

It is now settled that Martin Julian in the future will act as Bob Fitzsimmons' manager. An agreement has been signed whereby Julian is empowered to transact all the business for the middleweight champion. The contract goes into effect on April 15, when Fitz will join Julian's vaudeville and athletic combination, which will take the road in two weeks.

The National Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, will give a boxing show in their club house, 11 and 13 Cedar street, on Saturday evening, March 9. The management has so far secured the following boxers for six-round bouts: Eddie Sweeney and Tom Butler, at 130 pounds, and Jim McVey and Jack Downer, at catch-weights. Another pair will be selected to meet in a special bout.

Mike Leonard, the ring's fashion plate, thinks he has found a veritable wonder in a youngster in Cincinnati. His name is Billy Gordon. The youngster weighs about 118 pounds, and although he is a novice as far as ring experience is concerned Mike and Jimmie have put him through the paces a number of times.

A letter from London says that boxing is becoming dull over there. Too many boxers and too many bouts are the causes for the declining interest among those who support the boxers. Boxers are well-known for their ability to spell good times. In every large city in this country they have brought about their own ruin through avariciousness, rowdiness or some other cause peculiar to themselves.

Young Griff has forsaken the Tenderloin district for good until after the battle. Leeds is getting into condition at Atlantic City, N. J. The bout between the little men, Danny McBride and Marty McCue is attracting almost as much attention from local sports as the stars of the night. March 4 is the time set for the contest, and the Seaside Athletic Club will make arrangements to accommodate a big crowd.

The match between Marty McCue and Hughy O'Neil has been declared off. McCue was willing to meet O'Neil, although he is matched with Danny McBride for six rounds before the Seaside Athletic Club, on March 4. His friends persuaded him not to take a chance of possible injury to his hands or eyes, which might occur in a bout with even a boxer who would not be a dangerous rival. As he has already defeated O'Neil, he loses no prestige. McCue will meet Joe Craig, of Jersey City, in Wood's Hall, at the bout of the Blue Front Athletic Club, on March 22.

Frank Erne, the clever young featherweight boxer, and his manager, Mr. E. K. Franklin, of Buffalo, N. Y., sailed for England last week on the City of Berlin. Before sailing they both called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and had a cable sent to London challenging any featherweight in England to box Erne for a purse and side bet. They will make the Sporting Life their headquarters

while in London, and will endeavor to get on one or more matches before they return.

Apparently the Detroit sports are pining for a good scrap-ping match, if the following from the Detroit Free Press is authoritative: "Matters are quiet in local pugilistic circles, but there is a growing demand for something short between two clever professionals. That such a match would draw and be well within the law is not doubted, but the difficulty is in selecting the men. An effort is now being made to induce Jack McAniff, who has not been here in years, to spar four or six rounds with some champion at 130 or 140 pounds, and if it is settled it will be the most scientific thing ever held in public in Detroit."

Tommy Dixon, who claims the championship of Western New York, of Minnesota, the Northwest and Canada, in the 118-pound class, will come to New York from his home in Rochester, to get on a match with some first-class featherweight, at 118 pounds. Dixon is not particular as to the number of rounds to be fought, any amount would suit him. Jack Kelly, who will manage Dixon while the latter remains in this city, can be found at the Melrose Hotel, Flatbush, where arrangements can be made by anyone desiring to go up against Dixon. This is a good offer for Jack Downey, who is hunting for a good featherweight, and a fifteen-round bout between these two at the Seaside or Atlantic Athletic Club ought to prove interesting.

The Harlem Coffee Cooler's tour through the British Provinces is not marked by a continuous succession of triumphs. His temerity in conceding advantages in height and reach has frequently resulted in his nearly being worsted. According to a special cable to the POLICE GAZETTE Craig appeared in New Castle on Monday night and agreed to give Felix Scott, a well-known colored boxer, £10 if he failed to stop him in four rounds. Scott accepted the job, and instead of being the receiver of Craig's hard punishing, he became the aggressor after the first round and actually drove his opponent all around the ring. At the end of the fourth round he had the Cooler bleeding from the nose and badly punished, and the referee awarded the decision to Scott, much to the Cooler's chagrin.

Dominick McCaffrey, the pugilist who was fighting Mitchell and Sullivan a few years ago, has had a crowning bit of bad luck. Several weeks ago, in getting out of his bathtub, he scraped the skin off his instep. He thought nothing about it for a few days, when his instep became so swollen that he could not put on his shoe. It got worse and worse, until he was afraid of blood poisoning. The other evening he sent for Steve Brodie, who is one of a few of his old friends who have stood by him, and Steve advised him to go to Bellevue. They went together, and McCaffrey has been lying there ever since. They think they can save his foot, but at first it was doubtful. It will be several weeks before he can get around again. McCaffrey is in very hard luck. Misfortune has pursued him for four years, until now he has nothing more to lose, except his life.

The fifth boxing entertainment of the New York Athletic Club was an immense success, February 23. There were six bouts on the programme, and the following decisions were made by the judges and referee:

In the first bout Conny Sullivan was given the victory over Tom Carney, of Boston, after a hard fight.

Jim Foley and J. Gibbons, in the second go, were laughable, and Referee More gave the contest to Gibbons in the fourth round. Foley's wrist was badly hurt.

In the third bout, Mike Kelly and Jack Grant made things hum for a while, and the decision was given to Kelly on a foul.

E. Moore and Al. Allen were next. They went at it hammer and tongs until Allen got in a chance blow on Moore's chin and felled him in the fourth round. Moore was up and ready for business in a couple of seconds, but time expired before a fresh start was made, and Maxey More called it a draw.

Tom Carr, of Long Island, made short work of Tom Brady in the fifth bout, the referee pronouncing Carr the winner in the second round.

The final bout was easily the best of the night. Sammy Meyers and Eugene Garcia were the principals. They were matched to box six rounds at 115 pounds. There was little to choose between them throughout, but when the judges agreed on Meyers as the winner, many onlookers who had been admiring Garcia's neat two-handed work expressed intense surprise. The judges said the verdict was all right, and that Meyers had cleverly won on leads.

### CAKE WALK AND JUBILEE.

The monster cake walk and jubilee at Madison Square Garden, New York, Saturday, March 2, will be a big success. The entertainment will be clean and enjoyable, and nothing will be permitted which would offend the most fastidious. The management has rejected the entries of Luke Blackburn, Proctor Knott and Luke Pulley, for the walk. These noted walkers would be almost certain to capture the three first prizes by their straight walking, and this fact would do much to keep the forty-seven other couples from putting forth their best efforts.

The debut of Mme. Flowers, the Southern Nightingale, is anxiously awaited by many of the colored race. Buck dancing by men, waltz dancing by girls, solos by Mooking Bird Babe, the whistling con, double quartets, gaudy pie chase by plectanines; boxing in barrels, pie eating championship, battles royal and other amusing sports fill out a remarkable programme.

### BRITANNIA DEFEATS VALKYRIE EASILY.

CANNES, Feb. 23.—The international regatta along the French Riviera began here to-day when the Britannia and M. Florio's Valkyrie raced for an objet d'art, given by the President of the French republic, and a purse of 800 francs.

The course covered a distance of fourteen miles, and it took the Britannia 1 hour, 42 minutes and 40 seconds to sail over it. The Valkyrie's time was 2 hours, 5 minutes and 4 seconds. Deducting the time allowance the Britannia won by 17 minutes and 29 seconds.

### WILL SEND A TEAM ABROAD.

The Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America held its annual meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last Saturday, and the young legislators managed to get through quite a lot of important business in the five hours they were in session. The most pertinent enactment of the day was a resolve to send a team of intercollegiate champions to England to meet the best men of the colleges over there, and this commendable legislation was brought about by the efforts of the University of Pennsylvania.

### ABS REALLY DEAD THIS TIME.

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—Carl Abs, the well-known German athlete, who for a long time held the German wrestling championship, is dead. It was announced last week that he was dead, but the statement was premature. He left a large fortune and a stable full of race-horses.

David White, of Woburn, Canada, wants to know the whereabouts of Martin White, who left his home eight years ago and has not been heard of since 1890. Any information will be welcome.

At Davenport, Ill., on Feb. 23, at the Forester Gun Club's tournament Dr. Carrer won the third of the series of championship shoots with Charles Budd, defeating the latter with comparative ease. The score was 59 to 77.

Ernest Reeber, writing from Russia, says: "On Jan. 30, in Circus Schuman, in Berlin, at which place I wrestled, I was presented with a very finely engraved diploma, representing the championship of Europe. It was presented to me by the leading sporting club of Berlin. I am now making a tour of Russia, and expect to wrestle the champion of this country in a week or two."

Martin Julian's Australian Vindicator and Athletic Specialty Company will take the road in about a week. A feature of every performance on the stage will be a mounted broadsword contest between Duncan C. Ross and another scoundrel, or any challenger. Ross agreeing to meet all comers. Specialty acts will also be furnished by champion jumpers, wrestlers, etc. Solly Smith and Paddy McBride will give the boxing exhibition.

### A Modern Siren.

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## FORM A SPORTING LEAGUE.

Influences That Have Been Beneficial in Other Countries.

## SOME SMALL TALK AND GOSSIP.

While the Fanatics, masquerading under the title of "Reformers" are doing their utmost to put an end to all legitimate sports, it seems to me that those who are directly interested should band themselves together for mutual protection. England has already found it necessary to do so. It has organized its Sporting League, and as soon as that league flung out its banner to the breeze, Lord Rosebery, the Prime Minister of England, the Duke of Westminster, the Prince of Wales and many prominent leaders of affairs, statesmen of both political parties, merchant princes known the world over consented at once to join the League. They are alive to the fact that the open air recreations of the people have helped to make the national character what it is, and they are not disposed to sacrifice the healthy physique or the happy mental nature of the man who enjoys fresh air and sunlight to the petty prejudice and narrow bigotry of a lot of designing politicians or ascetic bigots. During the next election in England every candidate will be asked to answer certain pertinent questions with regard to his standing upon these matters, and if they are not satisfactory the votes of the Sporting League will be swung against him.

A great organization in this country which would unite the racing men, the admirers of trotting, the leading athletic associations, and all sports of an outdoor character, with branches in all the principal cities, could be made to wield an immense influence, not merely upon the respective legislatures, but in the creation of a healthy public opinion.

A strong auxiliary to such an organization would be the formation of turf clubs in the principal cities. Philadelphia has led the way. It has an excellent social turf club, and every leading horseman and every gentleman interested in the horse in the Quaker City is a member. Such a club in New York would be an immense power for good. Certainly it would be a very easy thing to organize a turf club in New York city with a membership limit of 2,500, and it is safe to say that the limit would soon be reached. If Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and one or two other leading cities had such clubs, they would be able, in connection with the Sporting League, to disseminate sound information to the people during elections, and steer off any political attacks upon the liberties of the people.

Interest in racing is on the increase. A future book has been opened at Covington on the Louisiana Derby. Laureate and Prince of Monaco are favorites at 8 to 1, while 10 to 1 is offered on Blasco and Halma. Satsuma is regarded as a 30 to 1 shot, while others range from odds of 30 to 200 to 1. It is rather an uncertain business betting on horses this far from a race, as the odds are long on any particular horse not getting to the post. But the chances are favorable that all these named above will go to the post, as all have wintered well, and have rounded into their three-year-old form full of promise. Laureate is now at Memphis, Prince of Monaco, Blasco and Satsuma, are at Louisville, and Halma is at the Lexington track. It is somewhat difficult to estimate a colt's chance in the Louisiana Derby, at this distance time, because it is a stake with penalties and allowances, and one may earn a five pound penalty, and another get a ten pound allowance, thus making a difference of fifteen pounds in the top and bottom weights. This is a sufficient range to let in a horse not seriously considered to have a chance.

New Yorkers are taking an interest in affairs at Albany this year which far exceeds their interest in former years. The discussion over the bills to make sparring a crime and to make the wearing of big hats in theatres a misdemeanor were in full swing when news of the proposed legislation against bicycle riding came down from up the river. It is proposed to restrict the speed of bicycles, even when they are riding on country roads, free from other vehicles, and in broad daylight. The restrictions are so cumbersome that the sport will be killed, as far as recreation is concerned, providing the law is enforced. It is perfectly well known that the great improvement which has taken place in the country roads is due almost entirely to the energetic and generous action of the wheelmen during the past six years. They have contributed their time, influence and money to the improvement of country roads, and they have attained a success that the most sanguine did not anticipate. Having improved the roads, they are to be barred by legislation from enjoying the fruits of their work.

On the evening of March 23, the water polo teams of the Chicago and New York Athletic teams will play for the water polo championship of the United States. The game will be decided in the swimming tank of the New York Athletic Club, and that it will be well contested goes without saying. The spirit of rivalry which has always existed between Chicago and New York athletes has been intensified by the difficulties which presented themselves in the negotiations leading up to this match. The Chicago men think they have the champions, and they have been anxious to play. At first they wanted their expenses paid, but they finally relinquished this idea and agreed to foot their own bills. The contest should be one of the best ever decided.

The passing of sentence on the "Big Four," Walbaum, Carr, McLaughlin and Crucius, in Hoboken, N. J., the other day, marks the last epoch in the history of the Guttenburg race track. The men were convicted of running a disorderly house, in maintaining the Guttenburg track, and were indicted in December, 1893. The case has been hanging fire ever since, and has attracted widespread attention, particularly in New Jersey, where, from time to time, since Guttenburg was closed, efforts have been made to open a track, but fear of the results has proved a barrier which no one dared encounter. The sentence is one year in the county jail and a fine of \$500. An appeal to a higher court will be made. Walbaum is at present in Baden-Baden, Germany.

Speaking of Guttenburg, or "Rottenburg," as we were wont to term it, recalls to mind the words of a distinguished plunger who has just returned from New Orleans, where he has been trying to "pick 'em," with the same fatuous result. "Guttenburg and Gloucester, in the palmist days of their rottenness and trickery, were never worse than New Orleans is right now," said he. "Why, the way things are working there is stronger than the shells. You have to be in with the right push or they will soon put you on the hog. Talk about form, there is no chance to line them up on what they have done. That doesn't go. The race will be run the way the right people want it run. When they get down their checks it is a case of all those with a chance being dead to rights and then a 'shoe in.' I hear it pretty straight that the reason Jockey Thorpe was set down was because he wouldn't go in a combination to help skin the public. He was in the road, and they just put him out of the way by suspending him. There will be a blow for these pretty soon, and some of the smart people will be put where the dogs won't bite them."

More sort of thing, isn't it?

A number of influential men interested in trap-shooting have planned to make Baltimore the greatest shooting centre in the United States. It has been decided to have a four days' tournament there this year. The first is to be held this Spring, if possible, and if not then in the early Fall. It is proposed to have live pigeons and clay target shooting done simultaneously. The first prize is to be a guaranteed sum of \$1,000 in cash. Should there be any surplus from entries for this prize it will be added to the stake. It will be a handicap event, open to the world, each shooter to fire at fifty live birds. The honor of conducting the tournament will be offered to the Baltimore Gun Club.

Horsemen, or rather those who devote themselves to trotting interests, will be pleased to learn that while the entries to the Fleetwood trotting stakes have not yet been made public, it is known that all of the classes filled surprisingly well; so well indeed as to virtually assure the financial success of the Grand Circuit meeting of 1895, and moreover, to settle in the affirmative the mooted question as to whether harness racing without betting can be successfully carried on in New York.

Secretary Hedges says that nearly 350 nominations have already been received for the nine stakes which closed Feb. 9, while the Pacific Coast country, which contributed liberally to the entry list last year, is yet to be heard from. Monroe Salisbury, of Pleasanton, Cal., has telegraphed that his entries are on the way by mail; others are expected from Millard Sanders and William Corbett, of San Francisco, together with several scattering nominations from California horsemen, so that it is believed the total will reach 350 or more, giving an average of about forty horses in each of the nine races.

These figures are fully up to the high-water mark of last season, when the seven stakes which closed in February secured 263 nominations. In 1894 the entrance fees to those seven stakes exceeded the amount paid out to the winners by something over \$5,000, putting the Driving Club on a footing of velvet independent of gate receipts and betting revenues before the gates were opened for the meeting. This year the prospects point to a still larger surplus, since there are nine stakes instead of seven to pile up the profit.

The Metropolis surrendered itself to the wheelmen of America last week, and everybody had something nice to say about the great sport of bicycling. The Grand Union Hotel, where the League of American Wheelmen held their fourteenth annual meeting, was simply jammed with delegates from all parts of the United States, and enthusiasts who stood around in groups, discussing the various topics with interest. In all, there were ninety-four delegates on the scene of action, and what they didn't know about the steel horse wasn't worth knowing. Of course the principal point to be settled was the selection of a place for the annual race meet. Boston and Astoria Park were heated rivals for the plum, and each came to town confident of success. But the Jerseymen had considerable up their sleeves, for when the question was put to a vote, it was found that Boston wasn't in it. The election of officers was also important, and the ones chosen are regarded as fully able to deal with the various questions of moment that will confront them from time to time during their term of office. The color line question was, to the surprise of some, withdrawn, and for the time being the rules on this matter will remain the same.

Through the kindness of Mr. B. C. Williams, chairman of the Athletic Committee of the New York Athletic Club, I am able to give an outline of the plan that the London Athletic Club has adopted for sending a team of champions to this country to compete during the coming season against our local talent. According to a letter written by H. K. Holman, the honorary secretary of the London Athletic Club, in response to the letter written to him by John C. Gurlick, secretary of the New York Athletic Club, it is agreed upon Sept. 21, the date fixed by the New York Athletic Club, for the contest. Mr. Holman agrees that a 200-yard flat race, distance 3 miles, out. Mr. Holman's letter says that the team that will be sent to America will probably be composed of C. A. Bradley, C. B. Fry, G. Shaw, A. R. Downer, W. J. M. Barry, E. C. Reddin, W. E. Luttons, F. S. Horan, A. R. Williams and A. Orrenden. Mr. Holman says further that Bradley and Downer were also recently elected members. He says: "The whole team will thus be composed of fully qualified paying members of the club, but I think it is only right that you should be in possession of the facts." In regard to the question of the expenses of the contest, Mr. Holman accepts the offer of the New York Athletic Club to pay the expenses of a team and substitutes, not to exceed fifteen in number, from London to New York and return.

Sporting men of Gotham have thrown themselves at the feet of the dogs figuratively speaking, during the past week. The annual convention of bow wows was held at Madison Square Garden under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club. Doggy men who ought to know a thing or two about dog shows say this one surpassed all previous exhibits ever given by the club, both as to the number and quality of dogs exhibited and also as to attendance, the Garden being crowded every day with the lovers of the dog. There is hardly a dog known to America or Europe, from the little Yorkshire terrier no bigger than one's hand, to the mighty St. Bernards and the Great Danes that was not represented at this exhibit. Though the six rings in the Garden were almost constantly occupied, the classes were so large that the judging was necessarily slow. The awards, however, met with general satisfaction, which more than made amends for the loss of time.

Probably the most prominent of the exhibits was Booth's Duke of Lincoln, a celebrated rough-coated St. Bernard which only arrived from the other side on Wednesday. He was considerably under the weather from the effects of the voyage, and thus handicapped, was only awarded fourth prize. Fit and well he would undoubtedly be awarded the blue ribbon over the Argyle Kennel's Le Prince. Duke of Lincoln was the biggest dog on exhibition at the Garden.

The St. Bernards were the strongest in point of numbers and quality of any of the classes on show. Smooth and kinky-haired terriers were also very much in evidence, and in the toy classes Yorkshires and Japanese terriers predominated. This year the prizes aggregate \$15,000, of which \$5,000 are for special classes.

James D. Smith, chairman of the America Cup Committee, has been assured by letter from George J. Gould that the Vigilant will be in New York waters in time to enter the trial races which are to determine the choice of a defender of the precious cup. Mr. Smith has also heard from Lord Dunraven. That plucky yachtsman has written to Mr. Smith and graciously acknowledged the prompt reply sent to the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In his letter Lord Dunraven says that nothing now remains to be decided upon but the number of men the competing boats shall carry. Yachtsmen everywhere are jubilant over the prospects of the race, but the public generally are asking where the great contest will be "sailed off." It is by no means certain that the races which are to determine whether the "mag" shall stay here or be borne in triumph to England will be sailed off Sandy Hook or off Newport. In case the course is laid off the latter place, hundreds of enthusiastic New Yorkers will have to forego the pleasure of seeing the contest, so naturally all the actions of the Cup Committee will be carefully watched from now on. The New York Yacht Club's courses, both inside and outside the Hook, are regarded by many as being "hoodooed." Every lover of yachting remembers the dreary drifting matches between the Vigilant and Valkyrie.

DOMINO.

Looking over his books recently, Nick Young found the amount paid in for the last four years as follows: In 1891, \$365, from eight clubs, making an average for twelve clubs of \$45.17. In 1892, the amount collected was \$490. In 1893 the amount fell off to \$445, and last season to \$330, the lowest on record. Buck Ewing has the record in the way of fines in one game. Umpire Curry, at Washington, about three years ago, fined Ewing seven times, \$25 each fine, making a total of \$175. The New York club paid the money and appealed to the National board, who remitted \$150 of the money, as it was proven that Mr. Curry had lost his temper.

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## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

## THE POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

H. U. S.—Two (3) ships.  
Rover.—Ten seconds.  
J. J. C., Chicago, Ill.—B wing.  
T. W., Paterson, N. J.—A wins.  
F. J. W., Washington, D. C.—Thanks for matter.  
C. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—D made a run of 3, 4, 5.  
W. L. M., Lancaster, Pa.—Send photo and record.  
E. R. O., Belleville, Ill.—Yes. It is the best hand.  
B. H., Norwich, Conn.—Send the photo and sketch.  
E. A. W., New Orleans, La.—Any style will suit us.  
C. A. S., Altoona, Pa.—The Sullivan and Goss contest.  
S. G. A., Sand Coulee, Mont.—We have not his address.  
J. M. S., Bangor, Me.—We cannot do anything in the matter.  
H. E. F., Chicago, Ill.—About 10,000 spectators were present.  
E. S., Saxenburg, Pa.—You just make \$30 by the transaction.  
T. M., Toke Bay, Greece.—Send your answer to the advertisers.  
T. D., Kimball, S. D.—Sullivan was knocked down by Mitchell.  
B. R. B., New York.—It was claimed that that amount was paid.  
G. H. H., Macon, Ga.—We do not know the price of the diamond.  
A. and B., Washington, D. C.—In the event of a draw all bets are off.

B., Springfield, Ill.—Highest straight flush of either suit is a royal flush.  
G. E. R., Brewer, Mo.—They never fought, but they boxed together.  
J. P., Logue, Pa.—Sullivan and Jackson never fought or boxed together.

W. C. R., Clay Centre, Neb.—We have no record of the contest you mention.

C. F., Jr., Carbondale, Pa.—Yes, Harry R. Phillips paid Jack Haddock money.

P. M. T., Albuquerque, N. M.—We cannot guarantee the money you ask for.

H. O. K., Washington, D. C.—In order to act as a guide in making angular shots.

V. R., Yakum, Tex.—Write to the wholesale tobacconist with whom you deal.

W. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—Albert Shock was born in Chicago, Ill., of Swiss parents.

E. L., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Send 25 cents and we will send you a "Cocker's Guide."

J. M., Brown, Colo.—A letter addressed to Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill., will reach him.

C. K. A., Great Falls, Mont.—1. The last player made a run of 6. 2. He made 2 points.

J. A. S., Lyons, Neb.—We do not know anything about parties who deal in old coins.

W. T., Worthington, Ky.—Address George Huber, museum Fourteenth street, New York.

W. A. T., New York.—We have not heard of the pugilist you mention in a number of years.

L. G., Ashland, Pa.—Write to the State Inspector of Elections for the information you desire.

H. W., Jamestown, N. J.—Jem Mace and Charley Mitchell only fought once in the prize ring.

H. L. C., Kokomo, Ind.—Peter Maher, the Irish champion, never fought the boxer you mention.

H. M., Oxford, Ga.—We keep no records of how many favorites win. From May to November.

W. C., Hamilton, Ont.—There were no official and accurate measurements ever taken of either.

C. H., Fort Custer, Mont.—Peter Jackson and Charley Mitchell never boxed or sparred together.

C. J. S., Chicago, Ill.—A letter addressed to Ernest Hoher, care of the POLICE GAZETTE, will reach him.

O. B. M., Miller, Neb.—If the matter is authentic why do you object to your name being made public?

C. L. C., Miller's Falls, Mass.—It is an open question, as the pugilists you mention are evenly matched.

C. L. Y., Omaha, Neb.—Address a letter to the American News Company, Chambers street, New York.

S. J., Trenton, N. J.—In throwing poker dice, in this vicinity, sixes beats aces, deuces, trays, fours and fives.

W. H. B., New York.—Thanks. Keep us posted on such affairs and communicate often and as soon as convenient.

INTERESTED READER.—Paddy Ryan's address is 408 Federal St., Troy, N. Y., care of Prof. James Killoran.

O. R. 4, Chicago, Ill.—1. There is no one holding the title. 2. Corbett is champion according to Queensberry rules.

A. K., Washington, Ind.—A greyhound is supposed to be, but it is a question that could only be decided by a contest.

R. H. Jeannette, Pa.—If your eyesight is not defective you ought to be able to count the number of masts for yourself.

W. M., Scarborough, N. Y.—Is there any code of rules governing bob-racing or coasting contest? There are no rules.

J. F. B., Oberlin, O.—Did Peter Jackson and James Corbett ever fight a draw? See answer to A. P., Jacksonville, Fla.

G. E. D., Santa Fe, N. M.—Mitchell did knock Sullivan down when they boxed in Madison Square Garden, New York.

READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Dominick McCaffrey got a decision when he boxed Mitchell in a limited number of rounds.

J. C., New York.—Who is the heaviest hitter in the ring? Opinions differ and there is no way of getting authentic information.

W. W. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—A bet is that Montgomery Irving, Sandow, is the original and world-renowned strong man. B wins.

CHECKER PLAYER.—Certainly, it is called a huff in the rules, and his opponent could have taken his man off the board for refusing to jump.

F. K., Hartwell, Neb.—Did Sullivan ever fight anybody that was called "Nonpareil"? Who is he of years ago?.....1. No. 2. Jack Dempsey.

J. R., Coal Creek, Col.—Albert Griffiths, better known as Young Griffe, the Australian featherweight champion, is not a colored boxer.

A. T. P., Richmond, Va.—Mitchell claims he weighed about 166 pounds when he fought Sullivan in France. Sullivan weighed over 200 pounds.

T. H. S., Utica, N. Y.—THE POLICE GAZETTE can furnish you with portraits of James J. Corbett and Charley Mitchell, any size, in full ring costume.

F. R., Utica, N. Y.—Can you give me name of a person that is authority on French Dogs?.....T. T. Corrigan, Meadowmere Kennels, Southampton, L. I.

L. T. L., Spring Valley, Minn.—Will you give me present Post Office address of Jack Gibson, the sprinter?.....Gibson failed to notify us of his last change of residence.

SUBSCRIBERS, Chicago, Ill.—Cannon beats Finn that Fitzsimmons never defeated Jack Dempsey at New Orleans. Cannon claims his name is Kelly not Dempsey. Cannon loses.

M. A. S., Newport, R. I.—How long has the Broadway Railroad Company been giving out transfers at the following places: Houston, Prince, Duane and Chambers streets?.....About a year.

T. McG. Hudson, N. Y.—O bets D that John Morrissey defeated John C. Heenan in the prize ring. They fought at Long Point, Canada, on Oct. 20, 1858, and Morrissey won in 11 rounds.

L. D. P., Pentwater, Mich.—What is the rule, in a sparring match or a finish fight with gloves, when one of the combatants loses a glove before time is called?.....The rule is to put it on again.

G. R., Houston, Tex.—Did Dick O'Brien, the welterweight of Boston, spar with or fight Biddy Bishop, in Houston, Texas, on the morning of February 11, 1893?.....Have no record of such a fight.

M. G. S., Jasper, Minn.—What is the best time for a mile on a Safety Bicycle and by whom?.....The best authenticated record is 1 minute 58 1/5 seconds by J. S. Johnson, at Louisville, Ky., on November 21, 1894.

E. G., Louisville, Ky.—E bets G that Corbett will whip Fitzsimmons in the coming fight; if the fight is a draw, does E win?.....It is a catch bet, and if E explained his intention it is doubtful if G would bet with him.

J. S. W. G., Marion, Ind.—In what year did Sullivan and Corbett fight? A bet B that Corbett and Jackson never fought a draw, that the fight was declared no contest. ....1. Sept. 7, 1892. 2. The fight was declared "no contest."

E. R. C., Cleveland, O.—Who is champion pugilist of England? What weight was Charley Mitchell when he knocked Sullivan down in Madison Square Garden?.....1. Mitchell is known as "England's boxing champion." 2. About 145 pounds.

G. F. T., Irwin, Pa.—Will you tell me how many points you must have down. Is it two shoulders, or three points, a hip and two shoulders, or two hips and one shoulder?.....In catch-as-catch-can and Graco Roman two shoulders touching the floor constitute a fall.

A. F., Jacksonville, Fla.—M bets A that the Corbett-Jackson fight was a draw. A bets that it was not, according to referee's decision. Who wins?.....Technically it was a draw, although the referee decided "no contest" so as to justify the club in withholding the purse and making an allowance of \$2,500 to each of the men.

W. S. D., Williamsport, Pa.—Has anybody ever walked 1,000 miles in same number of hours, going on the track when the clock registers the hour and making one mile and so on for one thousand hours?.....Wm. Gale, in London, England, from Aug. 26 to Oct. 6, 1877, walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, walking one mile and a half at the commencement of each hour.

H. B. O., Unadilla, N. Y.—Sharp and Miller step up to the bar to shake dice for cigars; Miller beats Sharp; Sharp demands; Sharp beats Miller; Miller says, "I owe you one cigar, you owe me one; let us saw off, with the third cigar added, to see who pays the 25 cents." Sharp was beaten in the saw off and paid the 25 cents. Is Sharp entitled to one and Miller two?.....Yes.

G. J. F., Gloversville, N. Y.—If a heavy-weight champion pugilist is challenged by a middle-weight pugilist, and the challenge accompanied by a substantial forfeit, does the champion forfeit his claim to the championship if he does not accept the challenge?.....It is an old time rule that is now-a-days considered more in the breach than in the observance. The public holds as champion the man who fight for their title.

## ALL KINDS OF SPORT.

George Wallace, once champion sprinter of the world, died at Newcastle, England.

Russ is signed and will be received with open arms, after his little kick over the baseball traces. Westervelt is still standing off, and has intimated that he would not go South with the Glanks.

A. J. Van Deusen of Winona, Minn., at 300 yards' range the other day scored 2,254 out of a possible 2,500, topping the world's record by six points. Van Deusen took fourth place in the World's Fair contest at Chicago, in 1893, which was open to all comers.

E. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative on this side of the water, is a typical Londoner. He has been in this country for many years, but the works of the centre of life of England stick to him just as though they were part of him—in fact, they probably are.

The third annual competition for the amateur golf championship of India, recently decided, produced a very close contest, resulting in a tie between last year's winner, N. M. Mitchell Innes, and F. H. E. Lamb. Each scored 284, while third place went to A. F. Simson.

Frank C. Ives, the well-known billiard player, is lying seriously ill at Des Moines, Iowa. The trouble arises from an abscess in the nose and fear is entertained that blood poisoning may ensue. It has been found essential to cancel some of the engagements for matches with Schaefer.

Bicyclists are indignant because of the attempt to force through the Chicago City Council an ordinance providing that every bicycle owner shall pay a license of \$2. Not only riders but dealers are against the ordinance. The Associated Cycling Clubs of Chicago have taken the matter in hand. A committee was appointed to fight the measure.

The declarations from the Brooklyn Handicap are in, and the fact that only three have drawn out is very gratifying to the management of the Brooklyn Jockey Club. They are Lehman, Ill; Buckrene, 106, and St. Pancras, 110. The three withdrawals do not in any way affect the character of the race, as neither ever had any chance to win.

The nineteenth annual match between the football cracks of Ireland and England under Rugby rules was played at Dublin. No score resulted in the first half. England scored a try early in the second period and repeated soon after. The Irishmen scored once, and time was called, leaving the palm with England by two tries to one.

Training for the Oxford and Cambridge boat race has been greatly retarded by the weather conditions. The towpaths at Oxford were too alippery to admit of coaching up to last week, and the same date found rowing entirely suspended at Cambridge, the river being frozen over. The Cambridge athletes fared no better, track and field being frost-bound.

Despite the frost-bound going, English cross-country runners are doing some very fast work. Great interest centered in the ten-mile race promoted by the Ralford Harriers at Kestral Moor. R. J. Moran was asked to concede liberal starts to several noted rivals, but he faced the ordeal in fine condition and won by 35 seconds from W. H. Morton, after allowing the latter celebrity a minute start.

Among Harlem River oarsmen a centipede shell race is spoken of for the Harlem spring regatta. Not since 1887 has such a race taken place on American waters. In that year a centipede race was rowed in the first People's regatta, held at Philadelphia. It was won by the Metropolitan crew, which consisted of John Reagan, Stroke; Davidson, third; Phil Sheeley, second, and Sheridan Mahoney, bow.

Brooklyn's baseball team is in line, all but Mike Griffin, but he's all right, and is likely to emerge from his mally haunt at any time and wheel his contract into the Eastern Park office. Dave Fouts will try and play this season, in addition to managing the team. Many cranks would rejoice to see "Scissors" in old form straddling first bag. Still, in case David is not in shape, they will be well satisfied to have trusty "Griff" captain the team.

The 140,000-pound lead keel of the unknown Herreshoff cup defender was cast at Bristol, R. I., on Feb. 21. It was a herculean job, but a long day was put in by a big gang of workmen under Foreman Benjamin H. Wood, of the Herreshoff boiler shops. The workmen completed the task in a style which Designer Nat Herreshoff called "highly successful," and the new boat has now been fairly begun.

The plan to have the trial yacht races off Newport, R. I., has been abandoned. This decision was reached partly because it was learned indirectly from the New York Yacht Club that the committee would not favor racing over any course except that to be sailed in defense of the cup. It is probable that a Newport cup will be offered as a trophy for a race of sloops off Brenton's reef in August, provided the New York club can find time for it in the cruising programme.

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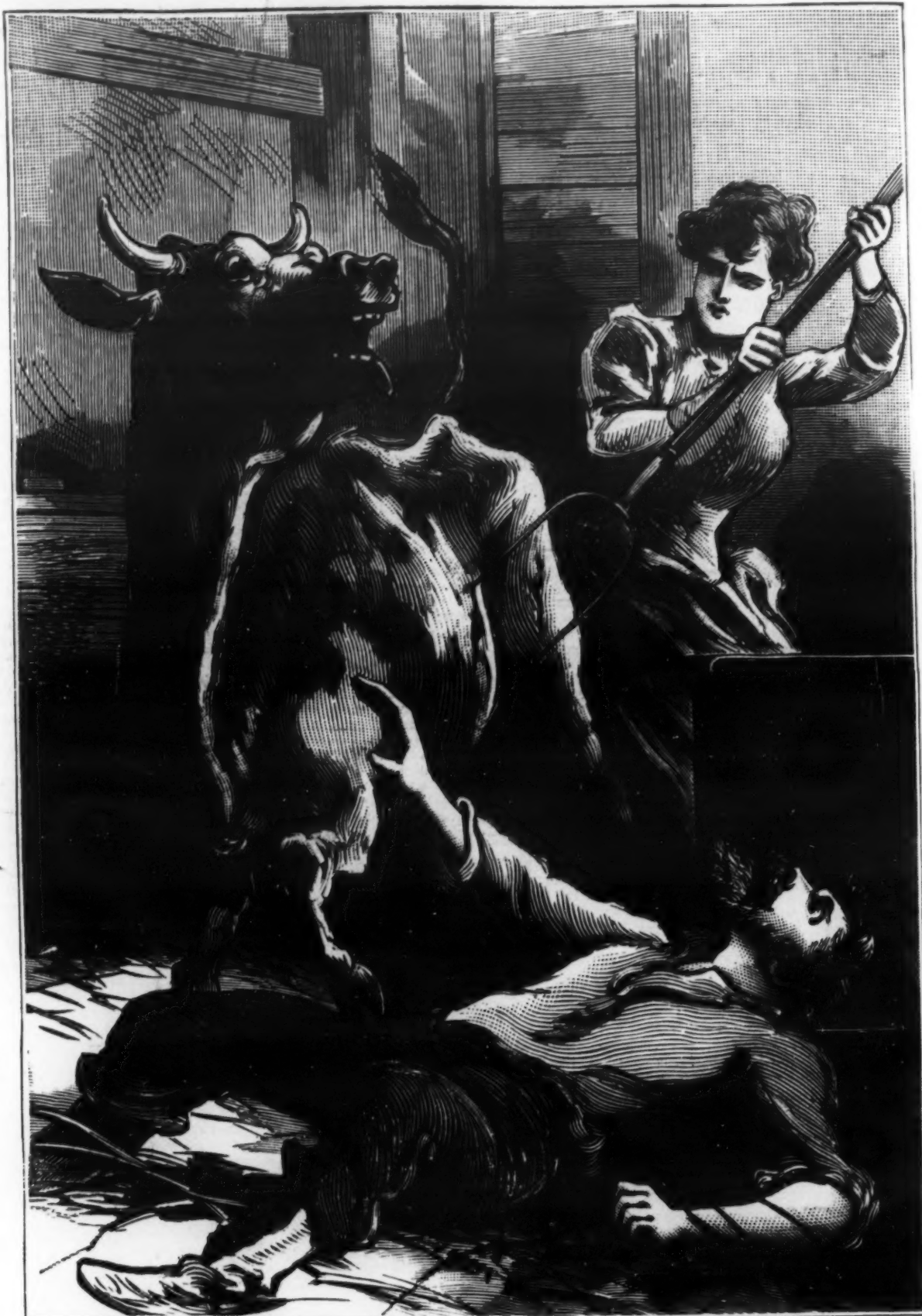




ANDREW D. FREEDMAN,  
A NEW BASEBALL MAGNATE, WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED  
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLUB.



CHARLES JERIMIAH,  
THE ACKNOWLEDGED CHAMPION CAKE-WALKER OF THE  
WORLD, WHO IS TOURING IN THE WEST.



FOUGHT OFF A MAD BULL.  
BRAVE HATTIE MARTINDALE WENT TO HER FATHER'S RESCUE WITH A PITCHFORK AND  
SUCCEEDED IN KEEPING THE ANIMAL AT BAY, AT WINSLOW, N. J.



ROBBED OF HER JEWELS.  
A BAG OF DIAMONDS IS VERY CLEVERLY STOLEN FROM A WOMAN'S NECK, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.





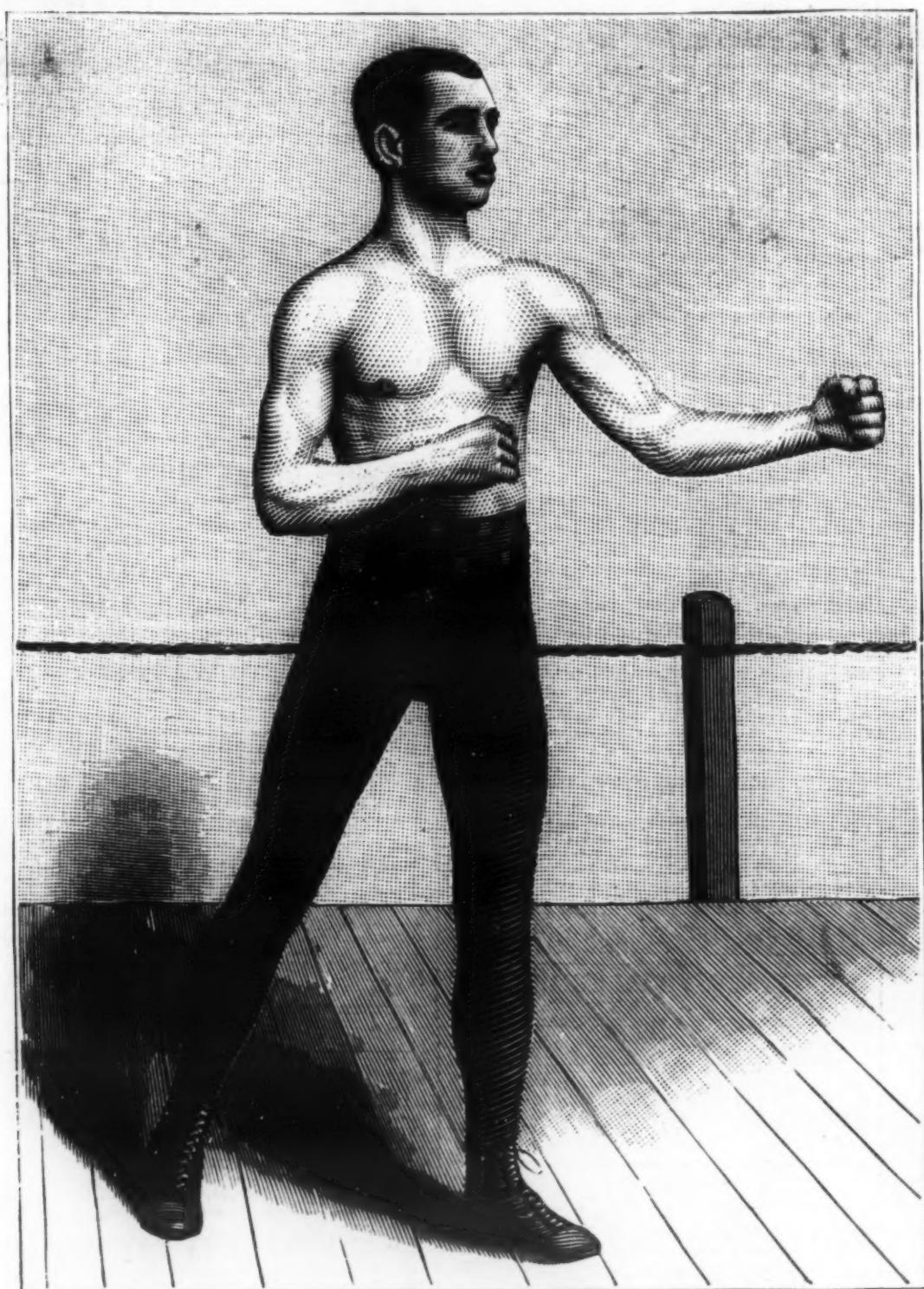
THOMAS DENNY.

A CLEVER FEATHER-WEIGHT, WHO CAME OVER HERE TO GAIN NEW HONORS AND ALSO TO MEET CHAMPION GEORGE DIXON.



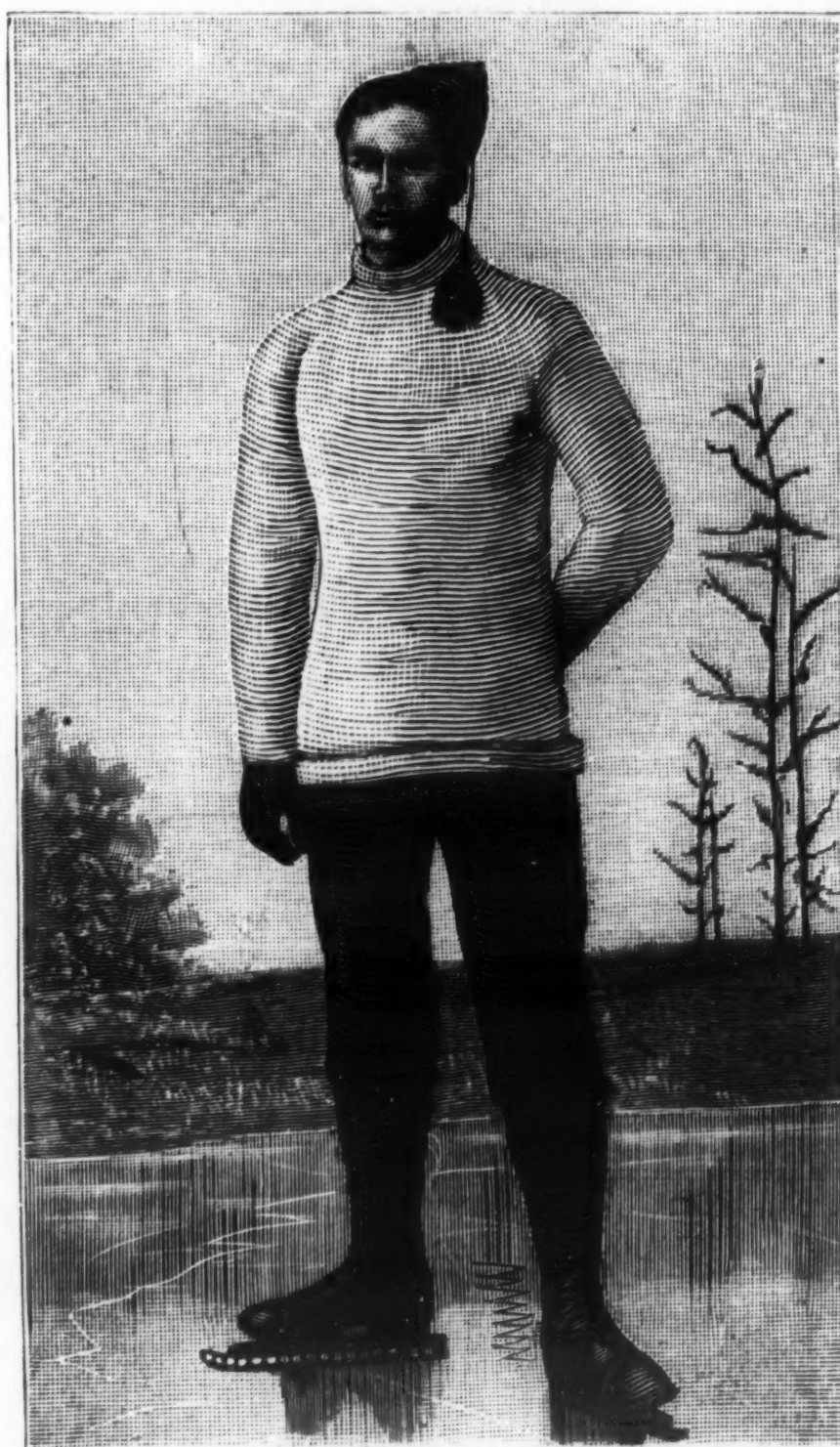
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